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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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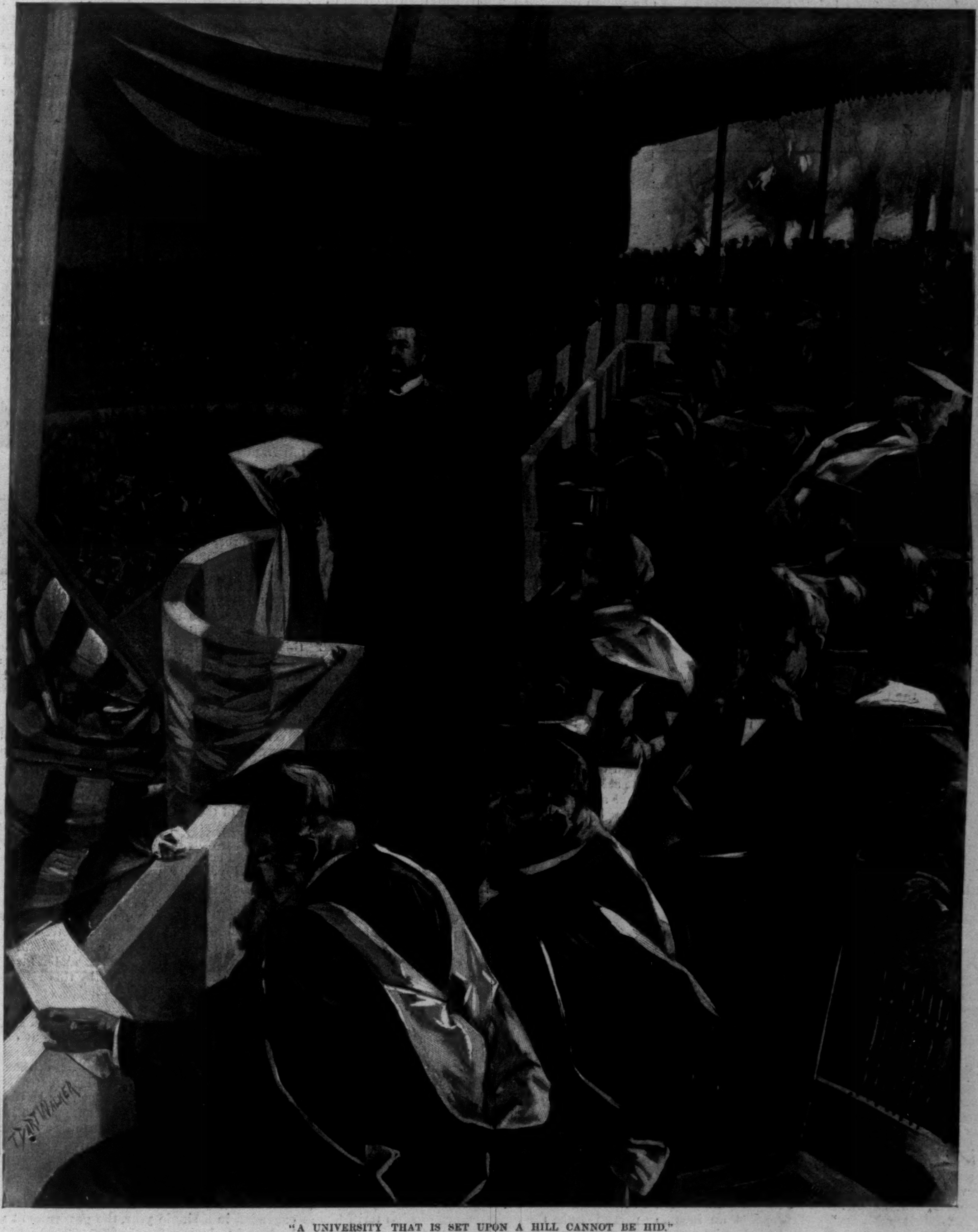

"A UNIVERSITY THAT IS SET UPON A HILL CANNOT BE HID."

PRESIDENT LOW DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW SITE OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1896.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 485.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE RECENT CRISIS IN FRANCE.

CHANGES of ministry in the French Republic are so frequent that ordinarily the equanimity of mankind does not permit itself to be in the slightest degree disturbed by them. During the last twenty years the average life of a cabinet has been only a few months. No sooner is a new one set up than parliamentary combinations are formed to bowl it down. The destruction of ministries seems to have become a regular sport of the political arena, and the changes thus wrought in the leading positions of the government are so rapid that the passage of power from one ministry to another no longer deserves to be dignified with the name of a crisis. We apply this word to the recent downfall of the BOURGEOIS ministry only because that event involved a constitutional question of considerable importance; and this constitutional question is of some interest to us, inasmuch as it throws light upon a point which, off and on, has been earnestly discussed by students of political science in the United States.

The government of the French Republic is in so far like that of the United States as it has a President, a Senate, and a House of Representatives—a President, elected by the two Houses of the legislature in convention assembled, for a term of seven years; a Senate of 300 members, elected periodically by the local assemblies of the departments; and a House of Representatives, called the Chamber of Deputies, elected by universal suffrage. But there is this very essential difference: The members of the President's cabinet have seats in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, where they occupy substantially the same position as do the members of the English cabinet in the House of Commons. Whenever they are voted down on any question of importance, the ministry is expected to resign, and to give place to one that has the support of the parliamentary majority. Thus the executive branch of the government is, in the French Republic, much less separated from the legislative branch than it is in the United States. The French President is in so far like the constitutional monarchs of Great Britain, or Italy, or Belgium, as he appoints the ministers in accord with the parliamentary majority; but he is very unlike them in that he is not a permanent fixture, standing above political parties, himself inviolable, while the ministers are responsible to the parliament for the conduct of the government, but that he is elected for a term of years, himself in a large sense the creature of a political party, or of a combination of parties, and held much more directly responsible for the acts of the government than constitutional monarchs are. The result has been that not only have there been frequent changes of ministry, but that Presidents too have occasionally yielded to the pressure of hostile majorities and resigned before the expiration of their terms. And thus that element of stability which seemed to consist in the long official tenure of the Presidency has been substantially lost.

The recent controversy which led to the downfall of the BOURGEOIS ministry was of unusual interest, as it involved the existence of another conservative element in the constitution of the French Republic—the Senate. M. BOURGEOIS, a so-called "Radical Republican," had proposed an income tax which was to bear with especial weight upon the rich, and he was known to favor other measures more or less tending in the direction of socialism. He commanded a majority in the Lower House, but the Senate, consisting of more conservative men, was against him, and passed votes of "want of confidence." The question then arose whether the ministry, being in the minority in one branch of the national legislature, should abdicate. M. BOURGEOIS refused to do so. He reasoned that as the Lower House, the Chamber of Deputies, was elected by universal suffrage, it represented the will of the people, and if a ministry was sustained by that branch of the legislature, it had the people behind it, and need not mind the crotchets of the Senate. President FAURE, who in such an emergency might have asserted his own understanding of the spirit of the Constitution, permitted the ministry to continue in office, without expressing himself plainly on the constitutional question involved. The Senate then resorted to a flank march, which proved as effective as it was simple. The ministry asked for a necessary appropriation of money to be expended on the new French conquest in Madagascar. That under the Constitution such an appropriation required the assent of the Senate, nobody disputed. The Senate then by resolution declared that it would not assent to this appropriation until the government was in the hands of a constitutional ministry—that is, a ministry supported by majorities in both branches of the national legislature. This movement told. The BOURGEOIS ministry offered its resignation, and President FAURE proceeded to construct a new one.

Thus the Senate scored a victory. But it is evident that if the existence of a ministry depends upon the support of the majorities of two different legislative bodies, different in origin and tenure, and apt to be very different in political complexion, interminable dead-locks may occur if the two bodies are in any degree inclined to be factious. In England, and in other constitutional countries, this difficulty is avoided by making the existence of the ministry dependent on the Lower House alone. Legislative tangles may occur, but the popular branch of the legislature usually has, in the long-run, its way, while the crown, although of little constitutional power, always exerts a strong conservative influence. In France the situation is different. The President is held in little awe; the Senate is still too near to the people to be overruled, like the British House of Lords, as not representing the popular will; while the Lower House, since the pretension that the existence of a ministry depends on its confidence alone has once been set up, is not likely to recede from it. Here we have all the conditions of a chronic conflict.

The Radical Republicans and the Socialists are not at a loss for a remedy. They simply propose that the Senate be abolished, and they have attempted to make "Down with the Senate!" a popular cry. They even hoped to call forth popular demonstrations that would frighten President FAURE into abdication. But in this they have so far met with indifferent success. The French people seem to be, on the whole, in a quiescent mood. President FAURE has succeeded in forming a cabinet consisting in the main of moderate Republicans, and the National Assembly is adjourned for a few weeks. Should, after its reassembling, the new cabinet be voted down, President FAURE may then feel himself sufficiently encouraged by public sentiment to favor a resort to the last corrective—an appeal to the people by the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies and a new election. It is hazardous to predict any future events in French politics. But even if the new ministry should be permitted to run the usual short course, there is hardly any doubt that the old conflict with its constitutional question will soon revive.

There are critics of our own constitutional system who insist that the strict separation of the executive from the legislative branch of the government is productive of grave evils, and that it would have a most salutary effect upon our political life if the members of the President's cabinet occupied seats in the Senate and the House of Representatives, and were thus enabled to become parliamentary leaders of the majority party. If the advocates of such a change will study the practical working of a similar system in the French Republic, they may, after all, conclude that it will be wisest rather to "bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF BANKRUPTCY.

IF, as seems likely, Mr. McKINLEY is to be the candidate of the Republican party, his nomination will be logical and fitting if the chief object of the party is to be the maintenance of high tariff taxation at any cost, even the cost of an unsound currency and of national dishonor. This is what Mr. McKINLEY stands for, and his supporters, led by men who have made vast sums of money from a system of taxation of which he is the chief apostle, and who favor him in anticipation of what he can again accomplish for their pecuniary profit, are calling him the "advance agent of prosperity."

This is to be the McKINLEY cry of the campaign; but it is a false and misleading cry, and if the Republican delegates to the national convention adopt it and the man, they will find themselves, long before election day arrives, face to face with stubborn facts that prove the falsehood of the McKINLEY pretence that he and his tariff law brought prosperity with them.

Mr. McKINLEY was the leader of the House of Representatives from 1889 to 1891. During that time he secured the enactment of his tariff law. He also took an active and a leading part in the passage of the so-called SHERMAN silver-purchasing act, which added $200,000,000 to our stock of silver and nearly $150,000,000 to our demand paper. He was the leader of the House when the expenditures of the government were so greatly increased that that Congress was called the "billion-dollar Congress." Some of his friends speak of him as the author of the reciprocity treaties with South American States, and as, therefore, entitled to the credit of whatever increase of commerce was gained through them. But, in the first place, those treaties were not of great advantage to the producers of the country, and were of no benefit whatever to the consumers; and, in the second place, they were invented by Mr. BLAINE as part of his South-American policy, and their adoption was compelled by him against Mr. McKINLEY'S opposition. While Mr. McKINLEY was not the author or friend of this partial reciprocity policy, he is responsible for the bounty system under which the public money was frankly given to persons engaged in private enterprises, while the door was thereby opened for the admission into the Treasury of a horde of socialistic schemes of plunder, a few of which have been recently enumerated in the WEEKLY.

His boasted tariff bill began to operate in the fiscal year 1891, and its effects were felt until the fiscal year 1894. Under this act the rate of duty increased from 44.41 per cent. to 50.06 per cent. The value of the foreign commerce of the country fell from $1,647,139,093 in 1890 to $1,547,135,194 in 1894. The values of our importations decreased in the same period from $780,310,409 to $645,994,622. A falling off of nearly $135,000,000 in the annual importations must affect the public revenues, and accordingly we find that while this "advance agent of prosperity" was at the head of the Ways and Means Committee he succeeded in reducing the government's yearly income from customs duties from $229,668,585, the customs receipts of 1890, to $131,818,831, the customs receipts of 1894.

This "advance agent of prosperity" promoted the passage of the SHERMAN silver law. It was this law which dragged down the Treasury to its present condition, and brought upon the country the panic, from the effects of which we will not recover until the commercial and financial world believes that there is no longer any danger that the United States will embark in a free-coinage-of-silver enterprise. But Mr. McKINLEY favored the SHERMAN act because it was the next best thing to free coinage, and if he shall be elected President he will not veto dangerous money legislation, nor offend the Populists by issuing bonds to maintain the credit of the government. As we have already said, Mr. McKINLEY was the leader of the House in the Congress which, by reason of its extravagance, was known as the "billion-dollar Congress." The first fiscal year for which Mr. McKINLEY'S and Mr. REED'S Congress appropriated was that of 1891, and in that year the appropriations increased over those for 1890 by more than $70,000,000, while for 1892 there was a still further increase of about $36,000,000. Not only were the immediate expenditures of the government increased, but an inheritance of extravagance was left by this remarkable Congress, until now the Republicans, once more in power in both Houses of Congress, are showing that they are still under the impulse and stimulus of the palmy days of the "advance agent of prosperity." They have therefore passed appropriation bills that will necessitate the increase of the public debt by at least $100,000,000. How extravagance has bred extravagance, and what may be expected from a McKINLEY administration, may be learned by the statement made the other day by Senator GORMAN. His enumeration of the amounts now called for by the appropriations of the present session of Congress shows that the enormous expenditure of $520,000,000 has been authorized by the law-making power. If this vast sum were to be expended in a single year, the government would be forced to borrow nearly $200,000,000 within the next twelve months to meet the obligations inposed upon it by those who seem to be clamoring for another experience with the "advance agent of prosperity."

We find, therefore, that Mr. McKinley, instead of promoting prosperity, is largely responsible for the commercial and financial disasters under which the country has been suffering. He was the author of the tariff law under which the revenues of the government decreased $98,000,000; and he was an active participator and a leader in financial legislation and in legislative extravagance which stripped the Treasury of the money which was left there by Mr. Cleveland at the end of his first term, which brought a panic upon the country, and which threatens to load the government with new indebtedness. Under the McKinley system the Treasury has lost its surplus, the business of the country has been disturbed, bankruptcies have increased, the public debt has been augmented, we have for years been in danger of becoming a silver monometallic country, while the expenditures of the government have increased in ten years by nearly 200 per cent. For two years the expenditures of the government have exceeded its receipts, and soon for a third time we are to find the balance on the wrong side of the books.

While the McKinley system of statesmanship has been accomplishing all this for the United States, we learn from the budget speech of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer that the opposite system has brought to England unheard-of prosperity. There the government has a surplus almost as large as the deficiency which we expect at the end of the present fiscal year, and there the expenditures grew by only 38 per cent. while ours were increasing by 200 per cent. Which is the more pleasing prospect to Americans who love their country, and who believe that it ought to be the foremost land of the world, not only in riches and power, but in the practice of a political morality which teaches that the money of the government should be honest, its expenditures wise and economical, and its taxation for the public welfare? Shall we go back to the system of the advance agent of bankruptcy, or shall we insist that our public finances shall be administered by men of common-sense and common honesty?

THE REPUBLICAN BOOMLETS.

It is not altogether clear why the success of McKinley in Illinois should have been so generally held by the Republican politicians to be decisive. The favorite son of Illinois can scarcely be said to be a national personage; nor was he so clearly a favorite son even of his own State that the carrying of its convention should greatly have elated the supporters of McKinley. The defeat of Cullom, however, in Illinois has been treated by the skilful managers of the McKinley canvass as they might have been expected to treat a defeat of Quay in Pennsylvania, or Morton in New York, or Allison in Iowa, and there arises upon it that wild beating of tomtoms with which our ears were so familiarized in the time of Blaine.

The supporters of McKinley are working, it is evident, upon the assumption that a general belief in the success of their candidate tends to bring about its own fulfilment, and this seems to be the explanation of "the thunder of the captains and the shouting." The assumption is quite just. Not only does a conviction of the futility of their toil dampen the ardor of the workers for the other candidates, but it fills them with solicitude about their own future state, both while the campaign fund is in course of distribution, and subsequently, if the party wins, when the offices are given out. If they work too long for a candidate whose "boom" is waning, they are subject to some such penalty as in war attends the commander who insists upon defending an indefensible place. In mediæval warfare it was the custom to put such a commander and his garrison to the sword. In modern politics it is the custom pointedly to ignore his claims in case the candidate succeeds whose nomination he tried to prevent; while, on the other hand, the early friends of the successful candidate deem themselves sure of recognition. It is not wonderful, then, that many desertions to McKinley are vaguely reported, and that some are reported specifically and without denial. The technical term in politics for this flocking to the apparent winner is, "getting into the band-wagon," and no doubt the McKinley band-wagon is more crowded than it was a fortnight ago. The agents of the other candidates have been engaged in promulgating official denials of this. Mr. Platt, for example, has made it the subject of one of those singular allocutions to the faithful which he has acquired the pleasant habit of promulgating on Sundays. But even Mr. Platt's denial cannot alter the fact; and he does not deny that one or more of the delegates who were bound to him with links of whatever metal attaches people to Mr. Platt have managed to break them, and have openly ascended the McKinley band-wagon, with their instruments.

It is perhaps too early to expect a recurrence to the ways of peace and sanity of the candidates themselves whose boomlets have been carefully prepared for the St. Louis convention. It is almost axiomatic that a man who has once been "prominently mentioned" for the Presidency does not abandon hope until some other man is actually nominated. Up to that time he is still a prey to the most ridiculous circumspection, and would not upon any account assert that his soul was his own, or let it be known what he thought about any public question upon which his party had not declared itself. It is rather curious that none of the victims of desperate hopes have profited by the example of the present President. He has been in the habit of telling his fellow-citizens frankly—of "blurting out," the cautious politician would say—exactly what he thought about public questions in advance of the nomination, and his fellow-citizens have found this habit in refreshing contrast to the customary procedures of candidates. But, be that as it may, all the candidates are as averse to making "records" as they were before the defection of Illinois to McKinley, and they will doubtless remain so until after the convention. This is hard upon some of them—especially hard upon Mr. Reed, who is normally an outspoken sort of person, and whose mental continence must have given him severe pain. Governor Morton does not feel the same necessity of communication, and his pain must be rather that it has been necessary to do so much than to say so little by way of "keeping the organization in line." It is rather a pity that the session of the New York Legislature should not have opened after the Republican convention was closed. But it is safe to say that both the Speaker and the Governor will behave differently after the nomination is actually made. It ought to console a statesman for the disappearance of his boomlet to regain possession of his own soul.

TOO MUCH GOVERNMENT.

The understanding used to be that when our first parents ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge they learned to know good from evil and acquired responsibility. That men should do as they choose and take the consequences seems to have been their Maker's design. The ideal state of human society is one of complete personal liberty restrained by no human laws at all, but qualified sufficiently by personal intelligence. That condition has not yet been found practicable, but it is still worth keeping in mind as an ideal, especially now and in this country, where the ideal of a great many good people, and good women in particular, seems to be radically different. When any human habit or practice or propensity seems to be doing very much more harm than good, these worthy people are urgent to have a law passed to restrain it. Most of them believe in prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks, and laws have been passed in many States in deference to their sentiments. In Iowa the Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale or gift of cigarettes in that State. At this writing one branch of the Legislature of Ohio has passed a law making treating to drinks a misdemeanor punishable by considerable fines. It was the Ohio Legislature, too, that lately passed a law making managers of theatres subject to fine if any of their women patrons wore hats so large as to obstruct the view of persons seated behind them. In the State of New York we have the Ainsworth law, which prescribes that certain specified instruction about alcohol and tobacco, which to some persons seems desirable and to others not, shall be systematically imparted to all the children in the public schools. In a city of New York State a petition, signed by clergymen and other influential persons, was lately sent in to the Common Council praying that a curfew-bell should be rung at nine o'clock in summer and at eight o'clock in winter, after which hours it should be unlawful for children under sixteen years old to be in the streets. Now, it is ruinous for some lads and bad for most lads, and inexpedient for many grown-ups, to smoke cigarettes, and the practice of "setting up drinks" does more harm than good, and the big hats which some women wear at the theatre are a disgraceful nuisance, and it is well that even school-children should know that smoking and drinking are hazardous indulgences, and it is true that young people as a general thing should be called in out of the streets before dark, but when people try to do away with these evils and accomplish these benefits by legislation, they attempt too much.

People like to do as they please, and it is the law's business to secure the largest possible share of that privilege to the greatest possible number of them. The law's concern is to provide for personal security, the protection of property, and individual liberty. It is not its business to stand in a parent's place to children who have parents whose responsibility and competence have not been impeached. It does not follow because a certain line of conduct is good that it should be made compulsory, nor because certain practices seem to be detrimental to the public comfort or welfare that they should be prohibited. Liberty to do right is not liberty unless it includes a considerable measure of liberty to do wrong. We have a right to look to law for protection, for the maintenance of order, for the promotion of the greatest good of the greatest number in many ways, but not even the apparent interests of the greatest number should be suffered to interfere overmuch with the privilege of every citizen to live his own life and work out his own salvation according to his lights. The preacher's task is to make men good, the teacher's task to make men wise, and Nature's task is to provide that effect shall follow cause, and that each in the long-run shall reap what he has sown. The legislator's job is distinct from all three, and when he tries to make it include the others he attempts what he cannot accomplish, and by meddling with what does not concern him, prejudices his office and impairs his power to effect what it really belongs to him to do.

THE BANKRUPTCY LAW.

The House of Representatives has passed the bankruptcy bill, and, if the Senate concur, we shall secure a law that will be of inestimable benefit to business men throughout the country, and save many an honest trader from the ruin that under existing conditions is almost sure to follow any business misfortune that may happen to him.

The strange antipathy that for so many years has been manifested by Congressmen to the proposition to establish a general bankruptcy law is due to the sentiment that all such laws are in the interest of creditors. As a matter of fact they are really in the interest of honest debtors. Another argument constantly urged against the proposed law is drawn from the operation of the act of 1867, under which the expenses of administering bankrupt estates sometimes amounted to official confiscation of the property that ought to have been divided among creditors.

The Torrey bankrupt bill now before Congress is an excellent measure. Under present conditions the debtor whose solvency is suspected is the victim of a scramble of eager creditors, who pursue him under State laws. He usually goes down under the mad rush. The distribution of his property is inequitable. The swiftest of his creditors get all, while others receive nothing. He remains under the burden of unpaid obligations, for there is no such relief for him as there would be through a discharge granted to him under a bankruptcy law. The House Committee on the Judiciary finds that since 1879 there have been 171,389 failures, whose liabilities amount to $2,611,521,704. If there had been a general bankruptcy law during all this time, all these insolvents might have taken a fresh start in the world.

Some of the opposition to the pending bill is based on the theory that under State laws local creditors have an advantage over distant creditors, which their Senators and Representatives would like to retain for them. There is no greater mistake than this, for distant creditors usually obtain security from a suspected merchant.

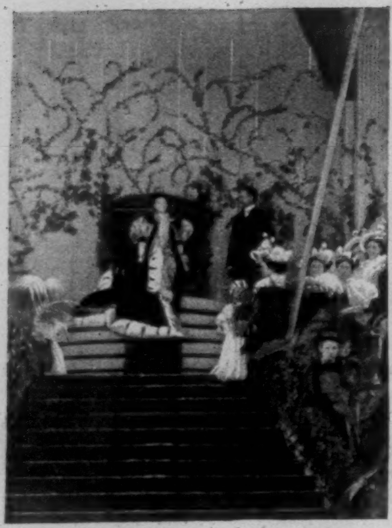
The Torrey bill limits involuntary bankruptcy to wrong-doers, and provides a cheap and equitable method for winding up the affairs of an insolvent, and leaving him free to start in business again.

CECIL RHODES AND HIS WAR.

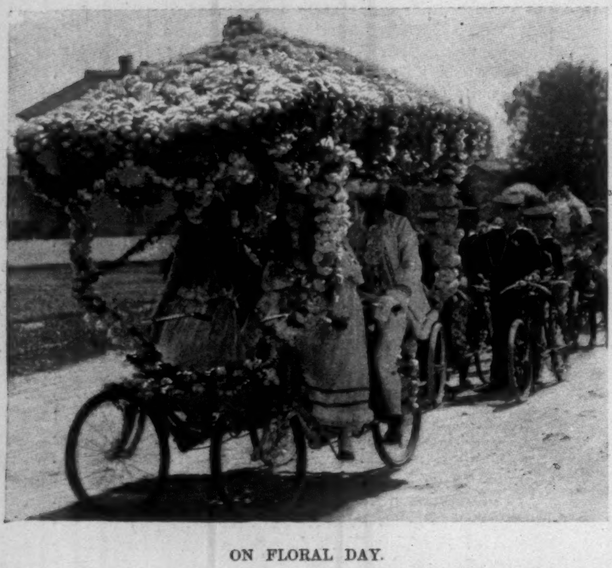
The despatches relating to Jameson's raid on Johannesburg, recently made public by President Krueger, show beyond the shadow of a doubt that the South African Company, or at least Cecil Rhodes, its managing director, is responsible for the attack on a friendly state. How far the guilt extends, or among how many the guilty secret was shared, or how far high officials are implicated, none but the guilty and the Boer government know. There seems to be a general impression that when the opportune moment comes—the moment when most harm can be done to his enemies—President Krueger has further startling revelations to make, and it is yet too early to say whether Sir Hercules Robinson is to be entirely exonerated from any knowledge of the abortive movement.

Without regard to the guilty, however, it is now certain that the English Chartered Company undertook to wrest territory and political power from a state to which Great Britain is bound in friendly relations. There was no excuse for Jameson's raid that can be found in international law books. The Boers had done no wrong to Great Britain nor to any British subject. They had simply insisted on maintaining the government which they had established, and which was not satisfactory in some respects to some Englishmen who had voluntarily entered the Transvaal for the purpose of enriching themselves. These Englishmen were displeased with the Boer government because they were denied a share in it, and the Boers denied them a share in it because they feared that the admission of these Englishmen to the desired political rights and powers could only result in one way—the Englishmen would take control of the country, for it is well known that the English in Africa despise the Boers and resent their presence, because they insist on growing corn on land out of which gold might be dug.

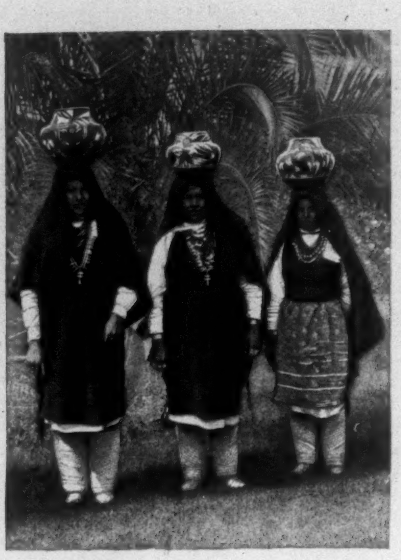
These recent happenings in the Transvaal are very interesting and instructive, because they are characteristic of English colonial policy and practice. Englishmen are pushing their way into the Transvaal, into Venezuela, and into Alaska in search of gold. The fact that another people hold the land, or that the right of England to the territory encroached upon is disputed in any way, makes no difference to the colonists who want the gold. They are the masters of the world, the natural civilizers of barbarous countries, and so they go wherever the opportunity to make money beckons them, knowing that their mighty empire is behind them and will sustain them. And here is the secret of the dislike which is often felt for Great Britain by the people of countries who are unfortunate enough to be neighbors of her colonies. They know by experience that any wrong that may be perpetrated by the colony against a friendly state will be defended by the imperial government. If this is not to be the future policy of Great Britain, Mr. Chamberlain has an abundant opportunity to prove it by the manner in which he deals with the Chartered Company of South Africa, and with Mr. Rhodes, its managing director.



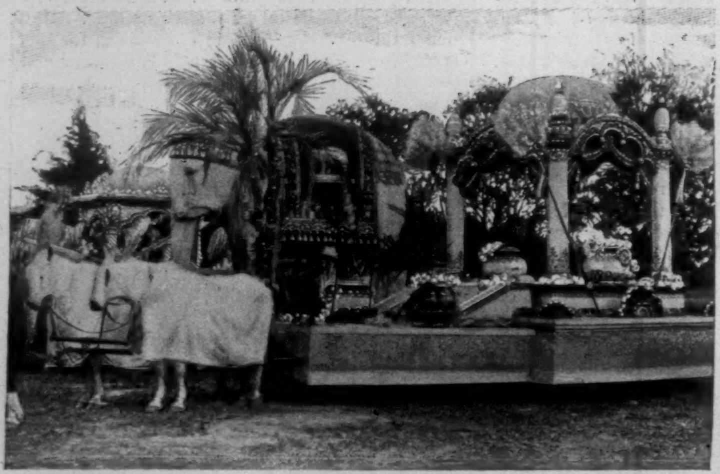
THE QUEEN.



ON FLORAL DAY.



PUEBLO INDIAN WATER-CARRIERS.



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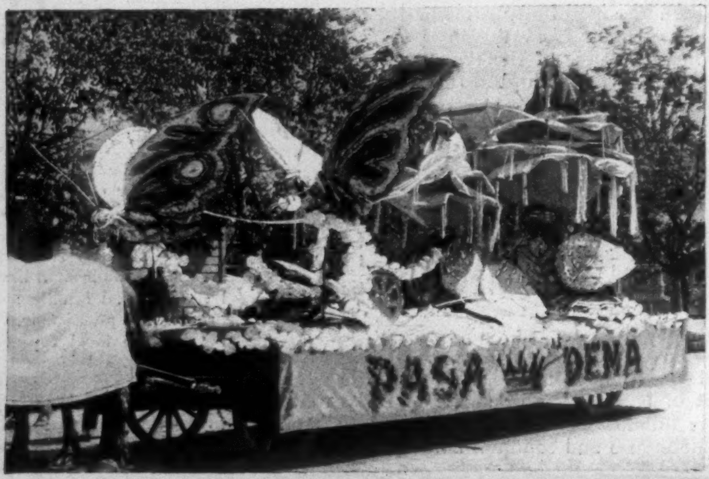

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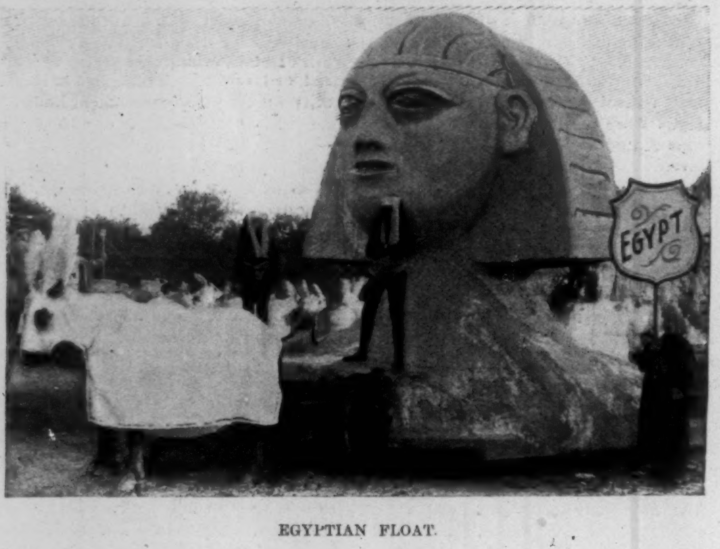

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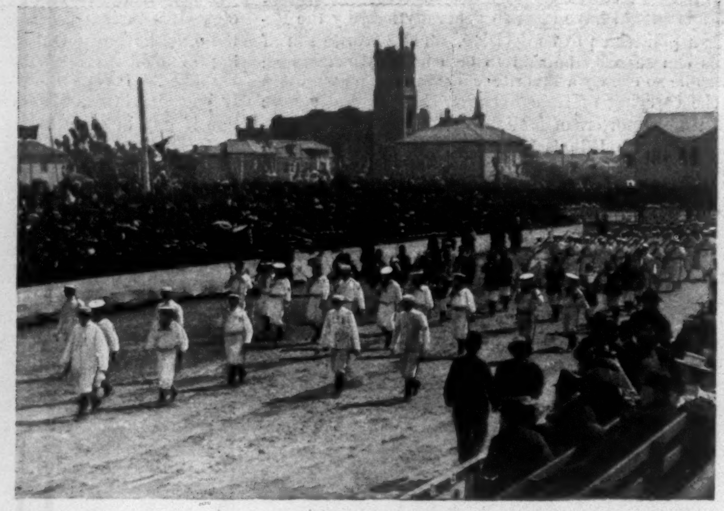
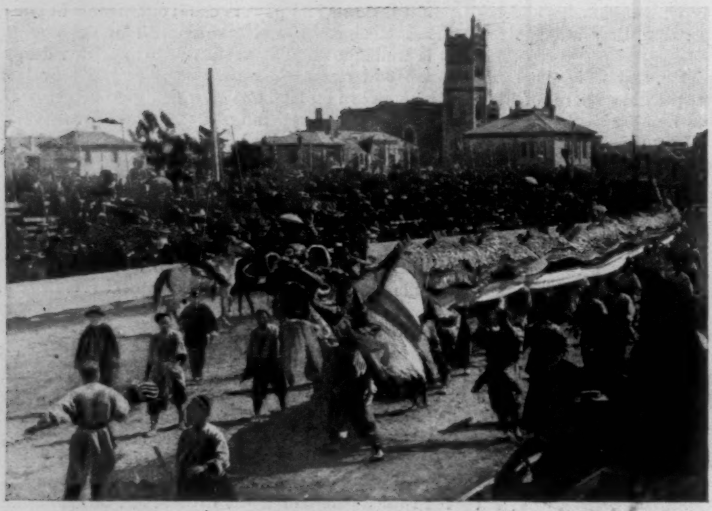
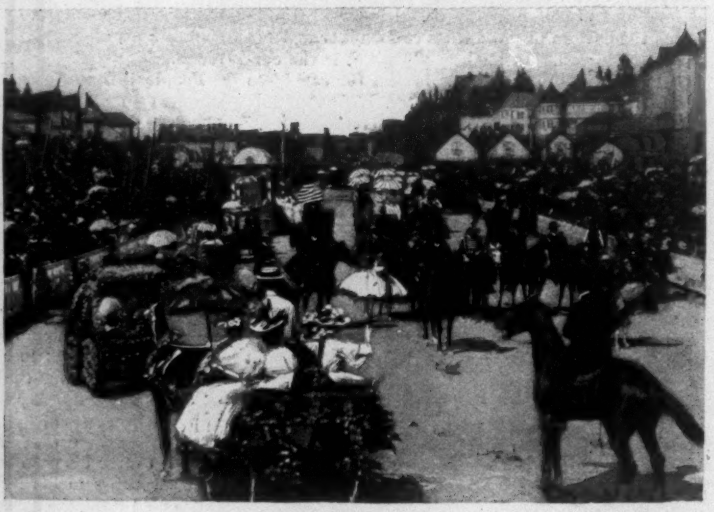


SAILORS FROM THE "PHILADELPHIA."



THE 300-FOOT CHINESE DRAGON.



BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. B. WAITE.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AND THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Modern society in passing from the militant to the industrial type, and in displacing its oligarchic constitution for a democratic one, went through a period of philistinism. This philistinism, based on crude theorizing and inadequate information, was marked by contempt for the institutions of the past and an exultant self-confidence due to lack of historical perspective. Signs are not wanting that in America, in some respects at least, this philistinism is being outgrown. A warm and healthy idealism is stealing over a large portion of the American people. They are turning to historical studies, to art, literature, and philosophy, as never people turned before. Their sacrifices for education and philanthropy have long since surpassed in amount the treasures of kings and emperors. The conviction that civilization is continuous, and that the present, changed though it be, is deeply rooted in the past, is no longer confined to scholars, but has become the common property of intelligent people. From this has sprung a new support for higher education, and for historical and scientific research, that is a happy augury for the century so soon to open.

This tendency, or movement, is clearly reflected in the life-history of the American universities. At Baltimore and in Chicago fortunes won by success in trade and industry have called into existence two new centres of the nation's higher life, while at Cambridge and in the great metropolis of New York old collegiate foundations have been touched by the magic wand of wealth, and transformed into two of the great universities that the nation loves and honors.

The university is the visible embodiment of our highest ideals and their historic support. It connects us with those "last enchantments of the Middle Age" that have for us, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said, so ineffable a charm. The spirit of the Middle Ages is outgrown, but of its romance and its lofty ambition something remains, and is reflected in the academic costumes and customs of to-day.

SCENE ON THE TERRACE BACK OF THE LARGE TENT WHERE THE AFTERNOON EXERCISES WERE HELD.
Showing the Seventy-first Regiment, N.G.N.Y., drawn up before the new Library as Guard of Honor to Lafayette Post, G.A.R., which presented the national colors to the University.

PROFESSOR HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORNE DELIVERING AN ADDRESS AFTER THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF SCHERMERHORN HALL.

Thoughts such as these are naturally suggested by the dignity and the magnitude of the dedication, on May 2, of a new site to the uses of Columbia University in the city of New York. Simple and appropriate religious ceremonies opened and closed the exercises. Addresses by the president of the university, by representatives of the teaching staff directly interested in the great buildings whose corner-stones were then laid, by the president of Harvard University, America's oldest educational foundation; the presence of citizen soldiery and of a post of veterans of the war for the Union, of the highest officials of the city and of the State, of ecclesiastics representing the great historic Churches; of men and women who stand in the forefront of the life of a vast metropolis; and finally, an oration in all respects worthy of the occasion, by a distinguished public servant and man of affairs—all these made the occasion significant and memorable.

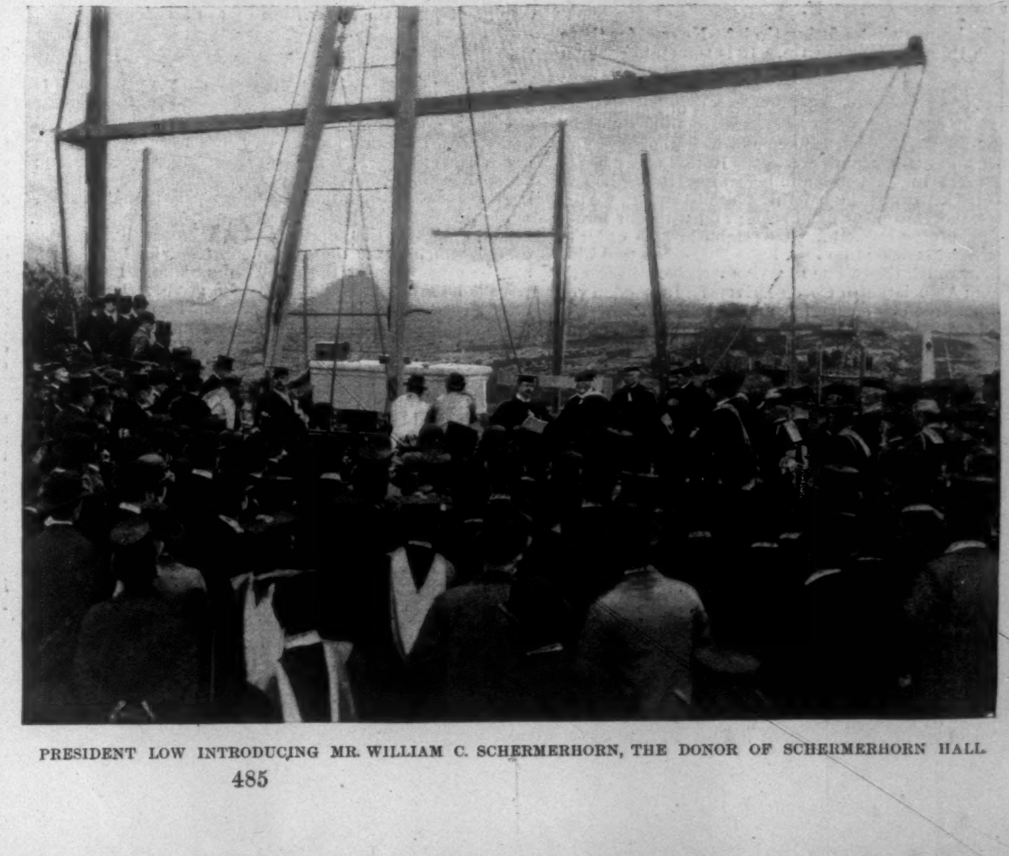
The site is worthy of the university. It is a veritable Acropolis. Protected by the Hudson on the west and by a wall of rock on the east, the heights of Morningside are forever removed from the noise and din of a city's traffic; and yet they will always look down upon a city's life. They have been selected, by common consent, as offering the fittest permanent home for the cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for the Hospital of St. Luke, for the tomb of the nation's greatest soldier, and for the splendid university that has sprung from the loins of Columbia College. It would seem, therefore, as if the prophetic vision of Mr. George William Curtis, seen when the purchase of this site was in contemplation, was about to be fulfilled. "Athens," he said, "had no loftier names of places than the Garden, the Porch, the Academy. What they were to the city of the violet crown, a prompt and splendid generosity may make the college of the great Revolutionary patriots of New York to the city of their children."

"A university that is set upon a hill cannot be hid," as President Low happily expressed it in his address at the opening of the dedication ceremonies. Columbia will stand, let us hope, for centuries to come, where the magnificent metropolis by the sea, the gateway of a continent, will always see it and learn to regard it with ever-increasing affection and respect. The university will in turn serve the city and the nation even more amply than the historic Columbia College has done. From the earliest years of its history Columbia College has contributed an unusual proportion of its sons to the service of the State. This is not evidenced by the great names of Hamilton, Livingston, Morris, Clinton, Fish, and Hewitt alone, but by the hundreds of men who have stood for good citizenship and high political ideals just as strenuously and usefully as their more distinguished fellows, if less conspicuously than they. This service of the past is full of promise for the future. America's greatest problems are no longer agricultural, commercial, or industrial; they are political. The American Constitution was framed, as Mr. Lecky says, by men who had for the most part the strongest sense of the dangers of democracy; but conservative as it is, bad men may easily use it as an instrument of tyranny and oppression. To make this impossible is one of the highest duties of the American universities. These universities are no longer, as President Eliot eloquently pointed out, "merely students of the past, meditative observers of the present, or critics at safe distance of the actual struggles and strifes of the working world. They are active participants in all the fundamental, progressive work of modern society." By inculcating true patriotism, by instruction, by interpreting the lessons of human history, by spreading abroad high ideals of public morality and efficiency, and by participating as largely and as directly as may be in the formulation and direction of public policy, the universities, particularly one so happily situated and so admirably equipped as Columbia, are to be of incalculable benefit to our great democratic experiment in the years to come.

Mr. Hewitt's impressive oration laid emphasis on this fact; an emphasis the more weighty because it came from one whose life is a conspicuous illustration of wide knowledge and a finely trained intelligence constantly devoted to the service of the people, not only in public office, but in private station as well. Mr. Hewitt, in insisting upon the value of ideals in civilization, repeated almost the very words of Martin Luther in his famous letter to the burgomasters of the German cities. "A city is not great," he said, "because it contains many dwellings and covers much territory. Its greatness does not consist in mere numbers and in commerce. Its eminence is determined by the character of its civilization and its provision for the material, intellectual, and spiritual wants of its citizens." How many men and women assent to these statements as articles in their Credo, but never dream of acting upon them?

The greatest enemy of good citizenship is indifference. The antidote of indifference is enthusiasm. The country is entitled to demand that enthusiasm and not indifference shall issue from the doors of the universities. With the examples of Hampden, Samuel Adams, and Lincoln before us, how dare we treat our political rights and duties with indifference, and hope to maintain our institutions unimpaired?

A striking passage in Mr. Hewitt's oration was that in which he demonstrated the fact that the larger portion of



PRESIDENT LOW INTRODUCING MR. WILLIAM C. SCHERMERHORN, THE DONOR OF SCHERMERHORN HALL.

Columbia's endowment is due to the "unearned increment" that has come from the material prosperity of the city of New York. Neither private sacrifices nor the affectionate gratitude of a large number of persons has made possible the Columbia of to-day, much as both have contributed to its recent expansion. The foundation of the university's endowments were laid by the growth and development of the city. Recognition of this fact imposes new obligations upon the university. That it will accept and fulfil them we all hope and believe.

The city of New York is approaching a crisis in its history. Its territory and population are soon to be greatly increased by consolidation with neighboring towns and cities. To devise a form of government for so vast a municipal corporation, and to administer it wisely when devised, are tasks of appalling magnitude. At a time like this a powerful and patriotic university is an inestimable boon to the city. The university must contribute its wisdom and its strength to the city, and the city will reward it a hundredfold. But the increment will be no longer "unearned." NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

LIFE AND LETTERS

A FEW days ago, counting from the time of the present writing, the Liberty Dawn Association of Coach-Drivers of this city met to discuss a question which in its various forms comes home to more people, probably, than any question now convulsing the world. The question was one of tips, or of money bestowed in largesse over and above wages earned. It had seemed to certain members of the association that the acceptance of tips was degrading, and peculiarly unworthy of the American character; yet upon a free and full discussion the association decided that it was nothing of the kind, but was a just, honorable, and, above all, a desirable thing, and involved no loss of self-respect to the taker of the tip.

I.

I am sorry to differ with the vast majority of this Liberty Dawn Association, but I cannot help saying that I think they are altogether wrong in their conclusion. The acceptance of money in largesse, over and above wages earned, is the practice of beggary without the beggar's excuse of destitution, and in the giver it is the encouragement of the worst form of beggary. The custom of tipping as a principle is plainly this and nothing else, though there are facts concerning the custom which may be regarded as extenuating circumstances. Many employers of the servant class now "figure on their chances" of tips from customers, and do not pay them so much as they otherwise would, but I doubt whether this is so generally the case as the givers of tips assume. In most cases the tip is just so much added to the amount earned, and I believe it is commonly given as meanly and shamefully as it is taken. Both parties to the transaction know that it is a swindle, which lives from the despicable vanity of the giver to the detestable rapacity of the taker. This is the truth of the matter, and I respectfully offer it to the consideration of the Liberty Dawn Association of Coach-Drivers. They may fancy that the acceptance of a tip does not rank a coachman with a sturdy beggar, but it does, and it is given with the same grudge and the same contempt that alms are bestowed upon sturdy beggars. Many givers will deny this, but they are such as do not scan their motives, or know their feelings from their sentiments. They plead that the man whom they tip has served them well, or has been very pleasant, and so has merited their gift; but it was his business to serve them well, and to be pleasant, and he deserved what he earned and nothing more. The effect of their munificence is to make him greedy with the next comer, and surly if he is not fittingly tipped.

II.

But who knows what a fitting tip is? No one, for there is no such thing as a fitting tip. It is something which the vague expectation of the inferior extracts without real gratitude from the superior, who bestows it without real charity. In Europe, where tipping is of immemorial custom, and where it really forms the wage of many of the servant class, the sum is fixed and well known. You give that, and neither more nor less. But when we began to go abroad in immense numbers after the war, and brought back with us the baleful habit of tipping, we did not bring the European fixed scale; and with our lordly love of overdoing everything we established an order or disorder here, in which no man knows where to find himself. How much ought one to give a member of the Liberty Dawn Association of Coach-Drivers? In London you would know the customary fee, and in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Rome. But here you have no guide, and you must obey your own unregulated impulse. It is the same at any hotel or restaurant: the sum you ought to give is wrapt in impenetrable mystery, and you can only guess at it from the behavior of your beneficiary. If you give what he thinks too little he will leave it till you are gone, without a word; if you give justly (where there is really no justice at all in giving) he will scantly thank you; if you overdo it he will cumber you with superservice as false as your own splendor.

I have made much inquiry on this point, and I am satisfied that there is no fixed rule for tipping. This makes it doubly corrupting, and still more like sturdy beggary; for the man who expects something beyond what he has earned expects that chance will befriend him in the amount, and gambles upon it in his heart.

III.

There are some curious anomalies in tipping which it would be interesting to have explained. At the simpler restaurants (there are more of these in Boston than in New York) where women serve the tables, it is not the custom to give tips; you take your check and pay at the desk. Yet at the summer hotels inland, the waitresses clearly expect and eagerly receive tips, as waiters do everywhere in the seaboard States. I think the West, outside of the large cities, is not yet so sophisticated as the East in the matter of tipping, though I cannot be very positive as to the fact. It is a disease that spreads surely if not swiftly, and I should not be surprised if it were to be found wherever the returning tourist could carry the infection. The parlor cars of all patterns are moving seminaries of tipping, and if their porters are to be credited the companies which run them have "figured on the chances" of their servants with the public more closely than any other employers. The traveller, upon the exhibition of a very little sympathy, may have harrowing tales of privation and suffering poured into his ear by the colored brother who makes up his bed, or fits a screen into his window, or brushes him at his journey's end. It is said that women give small tips, or none at all, to the parlor-car service; but I suspect the statistics are wanting here. Certainly, in other cases, I have known them to give lavishly, wildly; though they have commonly a tighter grip of their money than men have, if they are cast upon their own resources. Perhaps they can use a greater temperance in giving than men, because they are less liable to the open disappointment of the tip-taker, who can bring more anguish to the soul of the tip-giver, when he will, than any other enemy. Few things in life can inflict such scorching shame as the eye with which a waiter—or perhaps even a member of the Liberty Dawn Association of Coach-Drivers—marks his displeasure with an insufficient fee. But he will hardly show this to a woman, if he is of the American theory of politeness; and I have never yet seen a menial indulge anything more than a wink of humorous sarcasm when a woman gave him a dime instead of the half-dollar he would have got from a man. I have witnessed the transport of a dining-car waiter, little short of frenzy, in his disappointment with a man who gave him nothing; and at the spectacle of the species of imprecatory dance which he enacted behind the traveller's back, I shuddered and inwardly gave thanks I was not that man; but if it had been a woman, I am sure the waiter would have hidden his disappointment, or at most expressed it in a patient sigh.

IV.

Yet the man who gave the waiter nothing was more truly patriotic and humane, more truly the waiter's friend (*pace* the Liberty Dawn Association) than if he had given him the expected tip. The tip is wrong. It is the badge of slavery, of beggary; and the sooner those who take it realize this, and insist upon wages, the better. They are not likely to realize it very soon, however, and the burning question is what we shall do with the tip as it exists among us. It ought to be made as impersonal as possible, and the sum ought to be fixed and generally known. I find that in some degree the fixed rate has been attempted by people who give the waiter ten per cent. upon the sum they spend, or ten cents for each person in the party. But I doubt whether any one of these, if he spent only fifty cents for his lunch, would have the courage to offer the waiter five, or if he dined alone, to offer him ten. It would be well if each guest might know the least that could be given with honor; and then it would be well if he could drop his fee into a box, and not let it pass personally from him to the taker of it.

I specify waiters, here, because the waiter will typify the tip-taker to most imaginations. But I mean, also, Liberty Dawn Associationists and all others whose palms itch for an unearned increment upon their wages. I can assure them that although it flatters their cupidity it does degrade them, and it degrades the superior who gives it. As in a case of bribery the guilt is to both parties, and viewed aright every case of tipping is a case not only of beggary but of bribery. The fee is always given with the hope of favor beyond that duty which every wage-earner owes to his employer; and the tipper indirectly hires the tip-taker to scant or slight the man who does not tip him, or to wound his pride. I cannot insist too much that in America a tip is nearly always bestowed out of the vulgarest vanity and basest cowardice, and I am sure the tip-taker feels this instinctively if he does not formulate it to himself. He knows that his good-will is not worth having, since it can be bought, and in his crude, inarticulate way he despises the buyer for a fool or a coxcomb.

V.

Perhaps in a few cases he is wrong. Perhaps there is now and then a man who feels so keenly the iniquity of the whole relation of hirer and hireling that he has no patience with its terms, and gives out of the love which he hopes to win again. But this sort of giver is wrong too; he is more wrong than he who does alms to a sturdy beggar, for the beggar may really be needy though sturdy, while the man who has had his wage cannot be presently needy. Besides, this supposed philanthropist lives in conditions which make the exchange of service impossible, and he must pay for the service done him. If he overpays it he injures another man who needs it, but cannot afford to overpay it, and he corrupts him who renders the service with the hope of overpay from every one.

I need not preach a great deal at this potential but improbable person. I had better aim my doctrine at him who believes we already live in the best of all possible worlds; and into his soul I would like to inject a few drops of the blackest pessimism I have at hand. I would fain have him believe that there is no hope of our ever getting rid of this frightful pest of tipping. It has come to stay, like the trust and the consolidation; for the lower classes, having once tasted the poisonous sweet of unearned fortune, are not likely, as we see from the action of the Liberty Dawn Association, to put it from them. There is something pathetic in those poor fellows having even dreamt of doing so; and I cannot join the newspapers in mocking them. Here and there one of them seems to have felt the shame of taking money he had not earned; and it was much that the association should even consider his scruple. Of course, he had to be voted down, but perhaps in his fall there was extinguished one of the last sparks of the old American manhood. No other like society is probably going to moot the point carried against him; even the waiters, "the aristocracy of labor," are not probably going to recognize an affront to their nobility in tips; we cannot hope for any regulation or mitigation of the abuse from the tip-takers. I do not see that there is any hope of reform from the tip-givers. They are not going to form themselves into unions pledged to give so much and no more, in this case or in that, and there is no possible legislation that could reach the evil. Even if we had an anti-tip law the attorneys-general would palter with it, and in the end the Liberty Dawn Association, and the interests which it represents or typifies, would have us by the throat tighter than before.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE American propensity to leave money to educational institutions seems to be spreading across our northern border. Mr. H. A. Massey, a manufacturer of Toronto, lately left $470,000, by will to Methodist colleges in Canada, besides $178,000 to Canadian churches and charities, and $50,000 to the American University at Washington.

GEORGE SIMMONS COE.

Mr. George Simmons Coe, who died May 3, will be remembered for his services to the national government in 1861, and for his intelligent and public-spirited labors in perfecting the banking system of New York, and making the banks of the city mutually helpful to one another and serviceable in an increased degree to the public. In 1861, after the battle of Bull Run, when Secretary Chase came to New York to devise a method of getting money to carry on the war, Mr. Coe was one of the bankers and capitalists who met to take counsel with him. At the meeting Mr. Coe suggested a plan for uniting the banks of the North for the purpose of advancing the capital of the country upon government bonds in large amounts. Mr. Chase favored his suggestion, and a committee of the bankers, appointed to consider it and work it out, reported in its favor. It was adopted by the banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and put into execution within a month.

Mr. Coe was born at Newport in 1817. He had a common-school education, went into a country store at fourteen, and at eighteen became clerk in a country bank. When he was twenty-one he came to New York, and staid six years in the service of the banking-house of Prince, Ward, & King. Then he went to Cincinnati and was a banker there, returning to New York to be cashier of the Ohio Life-insurance and Trust Company, and later to become a member of a banking firm, which failed in 1854. Then he became cashier of the American Exchange Bank, was quickly raised to its vice-presidency, became its president in 1860, and continued in that position for thirty-three years. Among other financial achievements of great public value in which he was prominently concerned was the development of the uses of the Clearing House Association, and especially of the co-operation of banks through the Clearing House, out of which grew that use of Clearing House certificates in times of panic which proved so advantageous in 1893.

Mr. Coe was a director of many important companies, a trustee of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and for many years the treasurer of the Children's Aid Society.

Members of the A. P. A. will be shocked, and perhaps grieved, to learn that the Jesuits, after centuries of absence from the University of Oxford, are about to renew their connection with that institution. A license was granted last March to Father Clarke, a Jesuit, to open a hall for university students in Oxford, at which Roman Catholic youth may reside and prepare for the university examinations. Father Clarke was formerly a fellow and tutor of St. John's College, and became a member of the Jesuit order in 1871. Religious tests were abolished at Oxford and Cambridge more than twenty years ago, but the disfavor with which the English universities were regarded at Rome has until now deterred Roman Catholics from availing themselves of the privileges open to them in common with all dissenters. Houses are to be established at Cambridge by the secular Roman Catholic clergy and the Benedictines, and a gradual increase in the number of Roman Catholic young men both at Cambridge and Oxford is anticipated.

The predicament which has compelled the venerable and respected New York *Times* to ask for a receiver is of a nature to provoke meditation in the thoughtful. The trouble with the *Times* is that it has not recently made money. Its name, reputation, and good-will constitute a property which is worth a good deal. If it stops publication it loses that property. If it goes on as it has been going it promises to get deeper and deeper in debt. What it shall do to retrieve its old-time honorable place in New York journalism is the problem that confronts it, and it is not surprising that it should find it a problem of profound difficulty.

There are a number of things the *Times* might do. It might sell its soul to the devil, with the risk of finding that in that market, too, the supply of newspaper was in excess of the demand, and that the adversary was hard beset to pay for what he had already bargained for.

Nor are the people of New York desirous of seeing the adversary succeed in securing another organ. On the contrary, they would like to see the *Times* once more a prosperous representative of the best thought, the highest and purest purpose, and the best achievement of our country and time. The newspaper business in New York and most other large American cities has come to be not so much an established and understood business as a daily experiment, and one only suited to be carried on by persons of very large fortune and very adventurous intellectuals.

The *Times* has been conducted differently, and after a better fashion, and in its day it has found it to its profit to be worthy of the respect of the decent and thoughtful people of the city. There was a time when it came near being an ideal newspaper, and it is sincerely to be hoped that its best days will come back to it out of the trouble which it is now undergoing, and in which it has the sympathy of all men who remember and respect its fine history.

Cambridge (England) has lately got itself into the newspapers on account of a secret society established there for the nourishment of High-Church proclivities. It is called the Companions of St. John, and boasts an initiation with an imposing ceremonial and solemn pledges of secrecy. It is of sufficient importance to incur the censure of the *Times* in a solemn leader, and to have provoked a considerable correspondence in the columns of that journal.

An amusing thing happened at the international "feminist" congress which was held in Paris on April 8. Madame Maria Pognon was proposed as president, whereupon Madame Leonie Rouzade rose and said that there were some lady doctors present who should have precedence over the mistress of a lodging-house. That made trouble, and Madame Rouzade was so sore beset that she rose again, and exclaimed, "Do not insult me; my husband is here, and he is a member of a municipal council." This appeal to the tyrant man utterly scandalized the delegates, and an uproar ensued which is said to have had a disastrous effect on the nerves of the audience.

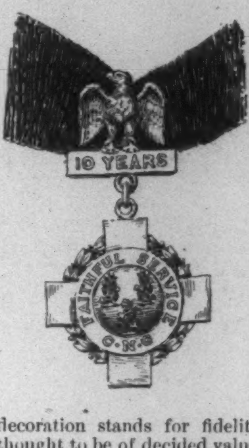
It appears that we ought all to do what we can to get more people hanged. In States where capital punishment is administered by electricity that method of taking life will answer, but the law that prescribes it must be enforced. The electrical machines must not be allowed to stand idle, and we ought to use our influence to keep them in frequent use. Of course our duty in this particular is painful, but it is imperative. The question is whether we shall kill murderers or they shall kill us. By all means let us kill them. They need killing far more than we do, so long as we are peaceable and decently behaved. A supplementary question is whether murderers shall be killed by due process of law or by mobs. Let us have them lawfully executed, for that gives by far the best results. More than ten thousand people were murdered in the United States last year. In the year 1888 less than four thousand were murdered. The increase of population in seven years has been considerable. Last year business was bad, and people were cross, and more murderously inclined, no doubt, than common. Still, taking everything into consideration, the increase of murders was astounding. It ought to be checked, and the only practicable way to check it is to have murderers suffer the legal penalty of their crime. It is shocking to kill any one, but if one must choose between killing the guilty after conviction and having the innocent killed off-hand, there cannot be any hesitation about what duty and common-sense demand. Murder must be made more unpopular in the United States.

We are certainly more civilized than the Europeans in the matter of duelling. Duelling in the United States is out of date, and nowhere is it necessary to the comfort of any American that he should fight a duel. In Germany, Austria, and Russia, and to a less extent in France, men in military or court service must fight one another with deadly weapons in certain cases, whether they want to or not. If they quarrel with too much energy in the presence of witnesses a duel must result. They may both be averse to it; they may repent of having quarrelled at all, and be most anxious to go about their business and let the matter drop, but that privilege is denied them. They must fight or lose caste and standing, and even military rank. The German Emperor, who is charged with being the greatest upholder of duelling in Europe, is of course exempted by his rank from ever being subject to the working of his own medicine.

The attention of story-writers who wish to weave contemporaneous situations into their tales is called to the recent and curious experience of Superintendent Brockbank, of the Brooklyn Heights Trolley Railroad Company, in connection with the lighting of certain Brooklyn saloons. A few weeks ago Mr. Brockbank, being in a saloon on the line of his road, observed that when one of the electric lights burned out all the other lights in the saloon went out in sympathy with it. It seems that lights furnished by regular illuminating companies don't go out by wholesale in that way, so Mr. Brockbank nudged himself and began to take thought. He promptly concluded that the saloon got its light from electricity borrowed from the feed wire of his trolley road. To make sure, he arranged that at a certain hour a few nights later the power on the trolley line on that street should be turned off for several minutes. The hour agreed on he stood opposite the saloon and watched. When the time came the cars stopped, and instantly the lights went out not only in the suspected saloon, but in all the saloons in the neighborhood, and in some other places near by. The story came out when he had the saloon-keeper in court charged with stealing electricity. The saloon-keeper's defence was that he bought his light and paid for it, and didn't know where it came from.

That is all there is of the story, but the situation where Mr. Brockbank stands watching for the lights in one saloon to go out, and sees sudden darkness swoop down on a dozen, seems powerful and edifying. His sensations must have been analogous to those of a man who fishes with a bunch of hooks and gets half a dozen hard bites all at the same instant. He continued his investigation, and found that over twenty people were using his company's electricity without paying for it.

It seems to be in human nature to like a decoration. The blossoming out of our fellow-countrymen of late years in buttons and badges of varied hue, size, and significance seems to prove that we are as human, after all, as the Europeans, and are not above displaying the outward evidences of such distinction as our laws permit. As long as the craving for decoration exists in the American bosom it is doubtless expedient to use it for the encouragement of diligence in the public service. This seems to be the view taken by the State of Connecticut, as indicated by the faithful-service medals which it has recently issued to members of its National Guard. This medal is a Greek cross, bearing the arms of the State suspended from a bar ornamented with a spread eagle. It hangs from a ribbon, and is worn at the collar. The material of the bar and eagle varies according to length of service. A bronze bar means ten years' service; a silver bar, fifteen years'; a gold bar, twenty years'. The decoration stands for fidelity, is greatly prized, and is thought to be of decided value in promoting the efficiency of Connecticut's National Guard.



Mr. Frank Stockton, as many readers are aware, has a story in process of serial publication on both sides of the Atlantic called "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht." What self-restraint it indicates in Mr. Stockton that he did not call that story "The Widow's Cruise."

A difference has arisen between Colonel John Jacob Astor and the American Surety Company which promises to have an interesting issue. The Surety Company built a handsome office tower twenty-one stories high on the corner of Broadway and Pine Street, with windows on four sides. On two sides it overlooks Colonel Astor's Schermerhorn Building, and uses some fifteen stories of air and prospect which Colonel Astor is at liberty to occupy whenever it suits his convenience. He has concluded that it will be convenient for him to occupy them very shortly, and has filed plans for a twenty-one-story building, to be begun next fall, and which will enclose the Surety Company's tower on two sides, and greatly impair the value of the rooms on those sides of it. That the Surety Company should have built as it did without first hiring the usufruct of Colonel Astor's unoccupied light and air is an example of what unexpected things may happen in a big city when no one is looking. There are some good architectural points about the office towers, but on the whole the general public, which walks in their shadow and is hustled by the gales about their bases, does not consider itself benefited by their erection, and will view with philosophical calmness any check to the high building industry which Mr. Astor's action may induce.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

THE principal of one of the Chicago public schools was made, the other day, the victim of a peculiarly brutal personal assault on the part of an aggrieved parent whose boy had failed to pass an examination. If the case were an isolated one it would hardly call for comment, but several incidents of the sort have occurred during the past year or two, and the offenders have unfortunately escaped with a trifling fine. This time, it appears, the ruffian is likely to receive something like his deserts. The school authorities are determined to make an example of the assailant, and see that he is punished to the full extent of the law. There are too many parents nowadays who, instead of seconding the disciplinary efforts of their children's instructors, are inclined to antagonize them, and hastily to assume that if a child does not get along well at school it must be the teacher's fault. Instead of taking it out of the boy in the good old way, they take it out of the teacher in the improved modern fashion. A teacher is a public officer, and a physical assault upon a teacher should be treated more seriously than such an offence committed against a private individual. It is a matter of the highest concern to the State that teachers should be made to feel that the law will give them full protection in the discharge of their duties, and that they should not be terrorized into an unduly lenient treatment of idle or vicious children by fear of personal violence. The attack now in question has called out widespread sympathy for its victim, and the criminal proceedings against his assailant will be watched with interest by teachers everywhere.

Some busybody having lately set afloat a rumor to the effect that Dr. Ebers, story-teller and Egyptologist, had been converted from Christianity to Buddhism, the distinguished writer was called upon to contradict the statement. This he has done in a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, of Chicago, with the request that his denial be made public. He writes, in part: "No, worthy friend, I have not become a Buddhist. I remain Christian to the end, and also educate my children as Christians. I teach them to love the Holy One as earnestly as my mother taught these truths to me, her youngest son, and my warm-hearted Christian wife stands by my side in this matter." Mrs. Reed, to whom this communication is addressed, is herself a student of Oriental subjects, and is well known through her hand-books of Hindoo and Persian literature.

Mention of Persia suggests the late Shah, and the fact that he was probably better known to a gentleman of this city than to any other American. Mr. F. H. Winston, a prominent Chicagoan, thought it would be great fun to represent the United States government at Teheran, and got himself appointed Minister to Persia shortly after Mr. Cleveland began his first administration. He did not remain long at the post, but saw a good deal of his Majesty during the few weeks that he was there, and fired the ruler of Persia with an ambition to come to America and shoot buffaloes. But even Shahs cannot gratify all their ambitions, and the American buffalo has escaped that danger. There are not many left to shoot, anyway, although the Shah might have had a fair day's sport in Lincoln Park if he had found his way to Chicago.

Mr. Percival Lowell, who has found such extraordinary things on the planet Mars from the vantage-point of his observatory in Arizona, has been getting a new telescope (a twenty-four-inch refractor) from the Alvan Clark establishment, and is about to set up a new observatory in Mexico. Dr. T. J. J. See, of the University of Chicago, will be associated with Mr. Lowell in the work, which will have for its leading objects the further observation of Mars and the search for double-stars in the southern celestial hemisphere. Later Mr. Lowell expects to move his observatory to Peru. When we consider the fact that no telescope of so great aperture has ever been brought to bear upon the stars of the southern sky, it will be seen that this expedition bids fair to become one of the most important ever made. Dr. See, who is a young astronomer, but whose work has already attracted much attention, is an admirable man for such an undertaking, on account of his thorough scientific equipment. The university will miss him, doubtless; but an astronomical faculty that includes three such men as Professors Burnham, Hale, and Barnard can hold its own in spite of the loss of a colleague.

Report comes from the restaurateurs of Chicago that one of the most distinctive of American institutions is in danger. Pie, dear to Emerson and so many other good men, consumed thrice daily for generations throughout the length and breadth of the Great American Pie Belt, is no longer in demand at the lunch-counter or the hotel table. The pudding, the biscuit, and the berry are slowly but surely taking its place in popular affection. The World's Fair did it, say the pie people. There were strange things to eat there, and visitors, leaving their good old-fashioned ways, began to experiment. The insidious love of novelty having once taken possession of them, they were lost, and few have returned to their old allegiance. Perhaps pop-corn and soda-water, corn bread and buckwheat cakes, will follow pie into oblivion. Who can tell? The outlook for the patriot is dark indeed in these latter days.

It has long been matter of common knowledge in Chicago that the system used in the assessment of property for taxation resulted in a great undervaluation, but exact statistics upon the subject were not forth-coming. A few weeks ago Mayor Swift appointed a commission to investigate the matter. Five gentlemen of high standing and expert acquaintance with real-estate values agreed to do the work, and proceeded to make a detailed report upon about one square mile of the business district. The report has just been made public, and shows a startling discrepancy between assessed and real values, as well as gross inequalities in the assessment. The property in question was valued by the assessors last year at $40,668,720. The commission estimates the true value to be $438,831,780, or about eleven times as much as that upon which taxes are paid. In some extreme cases the assessed valuation is as low as one-twentieth or even one-thirtieth of what the commissioners state the property to be worth. The eyes of the public are likely to be opened pretty wide by these authoritative figures, but some stringent legislation will be needed before any serious reform in our practice becomes possible.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has lately startled the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club by stating that the Freshmen come to Harvard with a very imperfect command of the mother-tongue, and that he proposed next year to move, in a meeting of the Board of Overseers, that there shall be no more entrance conditions in English—that is to say, if a Freshman cannot write correct English he must be sent back to school until he can do it. At present the English department at Harvard is overwhelmed by the work of teaching young men to write their own language. One of the teachers, in reply, declared that he did not suppose that any of the teachers at the meeting could sit down and write perfect English, and that the only man who could do this was President Eliot, of Harvard College.

The athletes who did so well in the Olympic games at Athens are to be given a public reception at Faneuil Hall, and afterwards a banquet by the generous city fathers. The "records" of the ancient Greeks are not sufficiently well preserved to make any comparison with the achievements of the outer barbarians, but it is safe to guess that mankind has not been running down hill since the last Olympic festival.

The proposition that the State of Massachusetts should erect a statue to the late General Butler has been negatived, but not before the dispute over the matter became hot enough to have pleased the spirit of the general. One warm advocate of the statue went so far as to call the opponents of the scheme, who had questioned the value of Butler's services to his country, "carrion-crows."

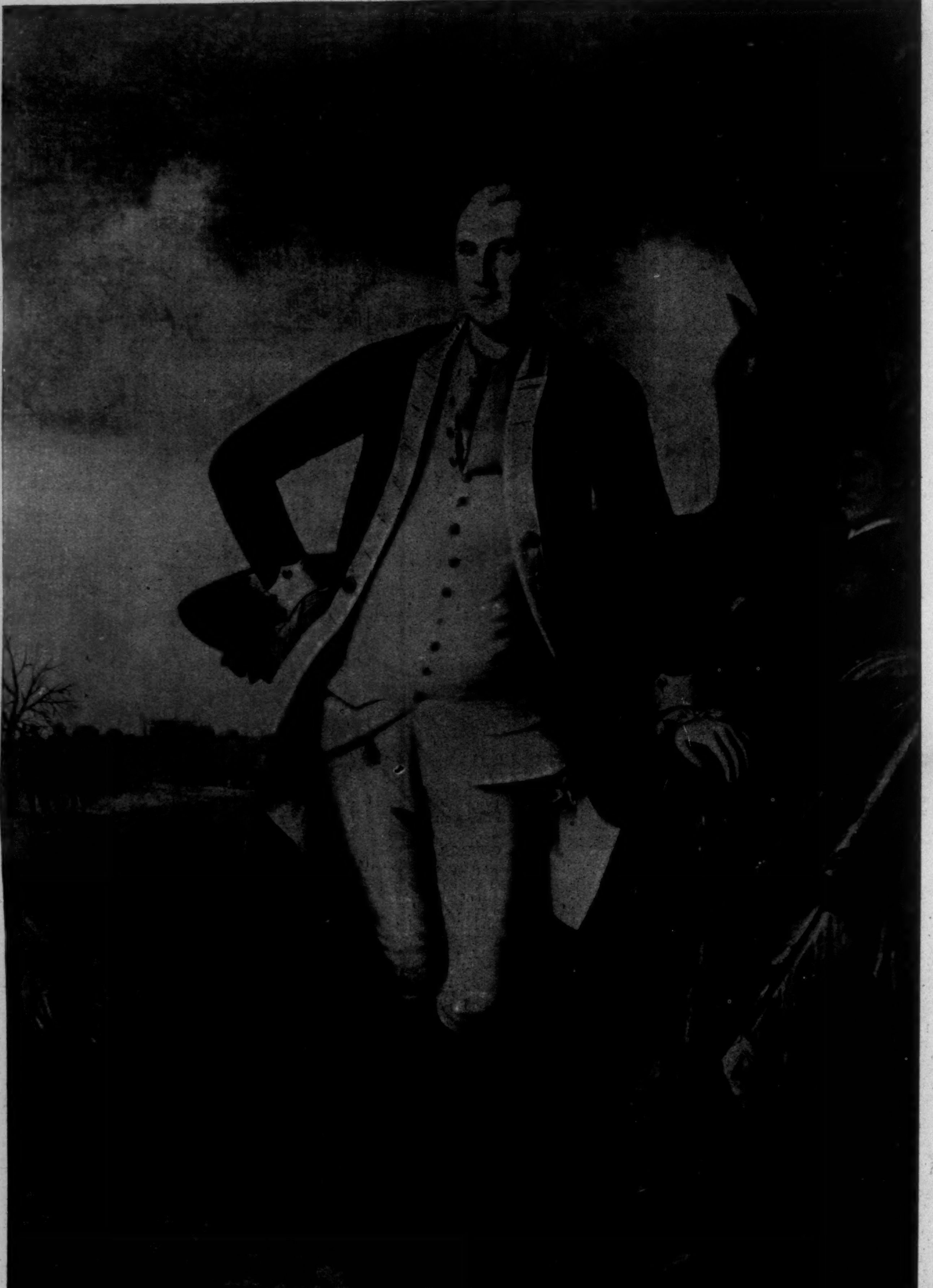
However, the critics of Butler cannot be accused of saying behind the general's back what they did not dare to say when he was alive, since for many years Butler was a target. Indeed, his critics were of great service as advertisers to him, both as a lawyer and as a politician.

No man's statue should be erected at the public expense until time enough has run to test his worthiness of the lasting memorial.

J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SINCE Los Angeles has followed the fashion instituted by Santa Barbara of an annual flower carnival, the smaller towns are beginning to get in line, and have fiestas and fêtes too. The papers show quite a list of advertisements of the Flower Fête here and the Carnival of Roses there, and the pictures of rival beauties that are competing for the queenship cast a glamour over the local press. San José's festival is close at hand, and promises to be worthy of the town, whose beautiful gardens have earned for it the name of "The Garden City." An enormous pavilion has been built on the Alameda, once the finest drive in California, extending for miles through the rich lands of



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE MADE IN 1781. RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN SPAIN AND BROUGHT TO THIS COUNTRY.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

the Santa Clara Valley, under three rows of noble trees. Some time since the craze for local improvements seized the inhabitants of San José, and they cut down the central row of trees and ran a trolley-car in their place. Even with this dismal disfigurement the Alameda retains some of its original beauty. The great Chinese dragon, three blocks long, that was a feature of the Los Angeles Fiesta, is to appear at the San José Carnival.

Mrs. Emily Booth-Tucker, the new leader of the Salvation Army, who arrived here last week *en route* from India to New York, has fallen a victim to her own zeal, and is suffering from a nervous break-down. In her short stay in the city Mrs. Tucker has shown that indomitable energy which marks the Booth family. She has made numerous addresses—one to the convicts at San Quentin, who have a great liking for the Army, a corps of which is detailed to meet discharged prisoners, and house and feed them till they obtain work. Mrs. Tucker has the thin, intellectual face, the large strong features, and fine eyes that are characteristic of all General Booth's family.

A project for the establishment of a free fruit-market on the water-front is being agitated among the fruit-growers of the State. The growers and the commission men are continually at odds, and the new project would end their relations, as the producers would then deal direct with the consumers. The market would be on the water-front, accessible for both shipping and car transport. The Harbor Commissioners have for some time been working for the scheme of a water-front fish-market. The Italians control the fishing trade, and their custom of dumping cargoes of fresh fish into the bay, rather than allow the price to drop, is one that the commissioners are determined to bring to an end. So far their efforts to stop it have been unsuccessful.

"Babe" Williams, who died recently in Tulare County, was the last survivor of the Bear Flag Party. It was his red shirt that was torn into strips to make the famous flag, and in the fashioning of it he also assisted. Williams came to California in 1845, and led the wild and crowded life that fell to the lot of the pioneers of Fremont's and Stevenson's day. He was one of Fremont's men, and a friend of the renowned scout Kit Carson.

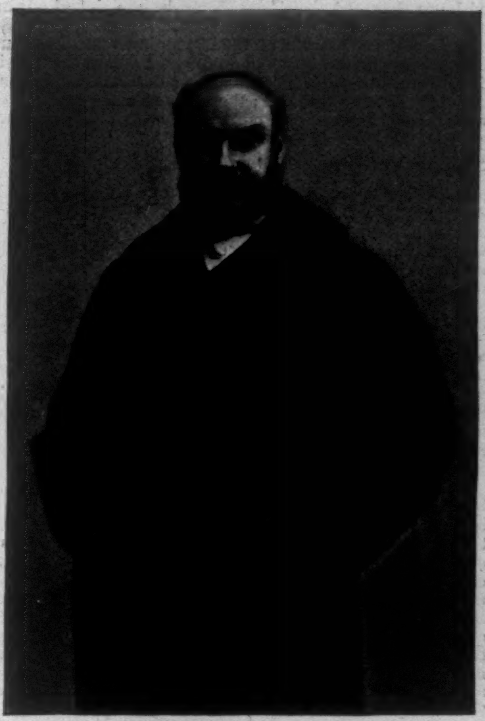
G. B.

THE NITRATE KING.

John Thomas North died suddenly in his London office on May 5th. He was born January 30, 1842, in Yorkshire, the son of a Leeds coal merchant, and in his youth was taught a little of engineering.

Colonel North was the popular London millionaire five or six years ago. He was the "Barney Barnato" of that time. His origin was, like Barnato's, obscure. That is not to his discredit; it merely emphasizes his success. Thirty-five years ago North was a workman in Leeds, and his wages were $7 50 a week. He was an employé of John Fowler & Co., the great firm of engine-builders. He was an exceptionally intelligent workman, and one day the firm despatched him to South America to set up some machinery they were sending there. South America was another name for opportunity, and North seized it. If in the course of time he did not seize a good part of the country, he at least became possessed of certain railroad and mining rights there, and, among other things, of vast and seemingly inexhaustible deposits of nitrate. He became wealthy beyond the dreams of Yorkshire. In the course of time he returned to England; he established himself in London; he "floated" companies; everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He had as great a following as a conquering hero; every one wished to learn from him the secret of money-making; he was seen "everywhere," as the saying goes; even the Prince received him; he was an honored guest at banquets, a first-nighter at the theatres, a conspicuous figure at race and hunt meetings. One evening he spent $75,000 on a ball at the Hôtel Metropole in order to launch his daughter upon the summer sea of society; at another time he bought a ruined abbey—Kirkstall Abbey—and presented it to his native town of Leeds; he bought paintings, and gave them to public galleries; he bought a famous tavern in the city, and all the speculating world went there, for a while, for its luncheons and "nips"; he became a Colonel of Volunteers, and Master of the Mid-Kent Hounds; and then he set himself up for a country-gentleman. To do this last deed he built himself, at huge cost, a great palace at Eltham, in the county of Kent, and there he lived until his death, with his family—happy, it is to be presumed, but no longer the cynosure of kingdoms. The golden Colonel was not what you would call a "society man," and after a while the West End left him to his nitrates and his Eltham Palace. One saw him of late a sandy-haired, sandy-whiskered, florid-faced man, going about in hansoms, and unattended by the curious, even obsequious throng which followed him when his speculations were afloat and "tips" filled the financial air.

The gallant Colonel when in England went daily to "the City." His offices were at 3 Gracechurch Street, where he pursued the agreeable task of extracting gold from nitrates. The waiting-room at the Colonel's offices was nearly always crowded, and patience was assiduously cultivated there. The walls of the apartment were hung with pictorial representations of all sorts of crops—first, crops so poor and so stunted that you would fancy they must have just been rescued from a seven years' nitrogen famine; and so on by successive stages, until you beheld a portrayal of lands where all planted things flourished in a state of tropical exuberance, all on account of treatment with nitrates. The panorama no doubt had its uses, and visitors had plenty of time to study it, while well-trained "buffers" kept the world and its solicitations from the Colonel's presence.



COLONEL JOHN THOMAS NORTH.
Died May 5, 1896.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

It was one of North's peculiarities that he rarely took the trouble to answer letters. If you wanted to hear from him, you must first telegraph to him. He seemed to believe that most letters would answer themselves if you gave them time enough. But ideas of that sort would not do for a politician, and the Nitrate King tried to become a politician a few months ago. The attempt ended in defeat. Perhaps that was a pity, because it deprived the House of Commons of a novelty. This was during the recent Parliamentary elections, and North stood as a Conservative. He did not like to make speeches, and when he made them he declared that he knew very little about the great political questions, and was quite content to leave those mighty themes to men who understood them. What Lord Salisbury thought and said was good enough for him. But the voters did not appreciate this humility. They could not understand a candidate who was unprepared to deal with all things in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. So they bade the Colonel stay at home. Instead of doing this, he went off to Ostend, where he found a King to his heart, a monarch with a fancy for financiering, or, at least, for exploitation—in other words, Leopold, King of the Belgians. He purchased from his Majesty a large estate in the Ardennes—a lovely spot where wild boar and deer afford exercise for the huntsman. He returned to Ostend, and there projected a scheme for constructing a casino, a theatre, and a hotel larger than any now to be found at any European watering-place. But it remains to be seen how this scheme will "float," albeit a King favored it. Investors who have not yet escaped from the bitter memories of the Londonderry mining crash and the Primitiva collapse may be disinclined to rush for Ostend. But nothing daunted the Colonel. After all, royalty has at least smiled upon the Colonel, and one does not hear that it has yet honored Mr. Barnet Barnato, although there is no telling what may happen, since royalties, like persons of lesser light, sometimes require loans. The Prince of Wales had Colonel North at Marlborough House and at Sandringham, and it was noticed that the Colonel usually wore a scarf-pin in the shape of a coronet. Why he did so no man knew, unless it was that coming events cast their scarf-pins before. The events in this case, however, never came.

INSOMNIA.

Insomnia? What boots it unto me
That in my bed I lie awake from three

Until the sun doth gild the eastern hills,
And change from lead to silver all the rills

That down them flow? Why should I care a jot
Because, woo as I may, sleep cometh not?

"'Tis dread," say you, "to gaze up at the ceil,
And think that all is woe and naught is weal."

I grant you that; but that I do not do.
What is the use of thinking all is rue?

Place at my bedside, item first, a lamp;
And item two, to keep my larynx damp,

A bottle cold, and by its side a bird—
A partridge larded well is much preferred—

A breakfast biscuit, buttered thin; and, please,
A tiny bit of—well, say Roquefort cheese.

Third item, bring a book, a tome of Lamb,
Or Thackeray, or haply dear Khayyám.

A box of vestas nigh, the lamp to light,
I'll lie awake right gladly all the night.

Give me these things, and time may fly or creep;
I'll mind it not, e'en though I cannot sleep.

John Kendrick Bangs.

VERSES IN PARTNERSHIP.

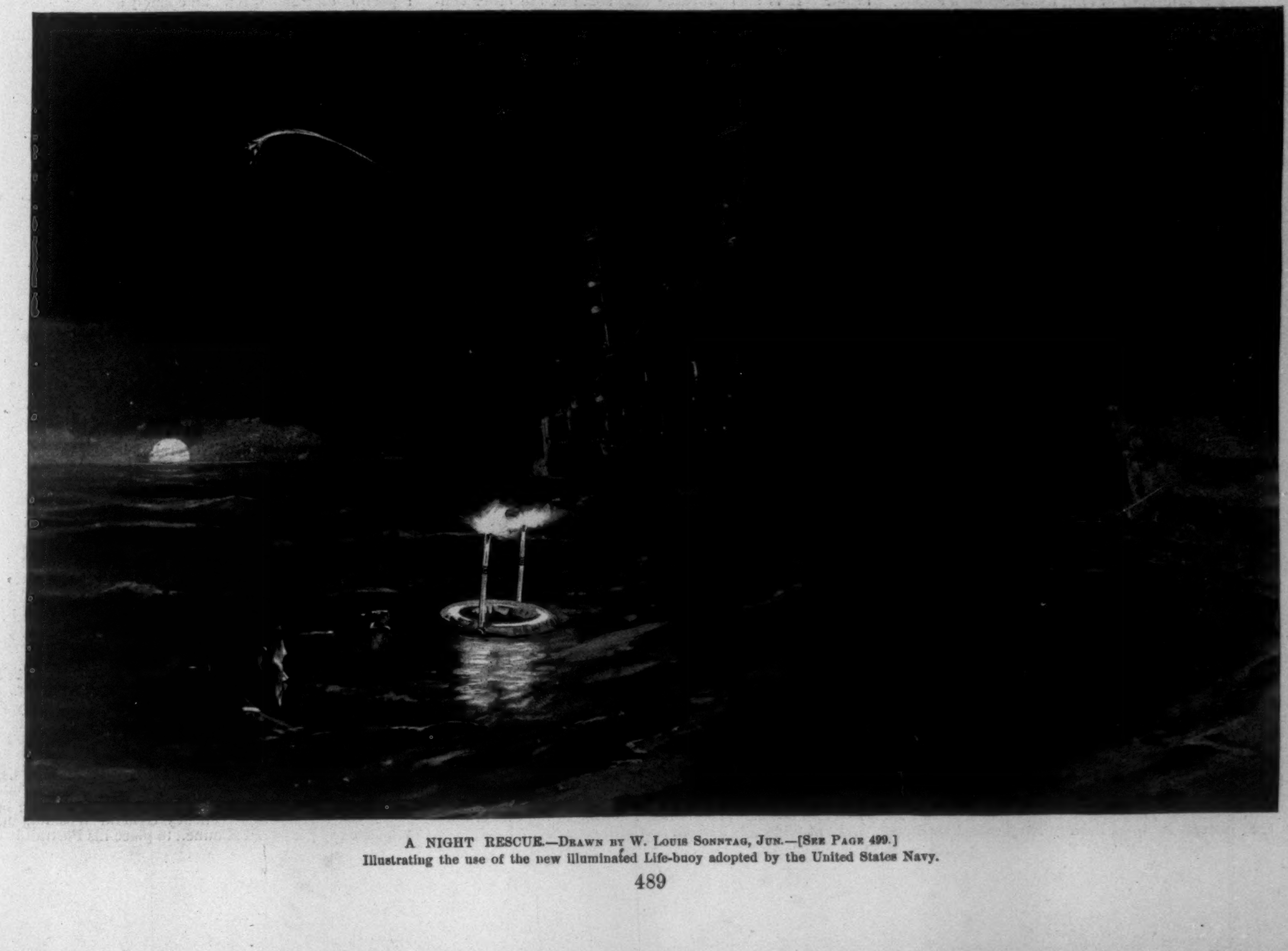
ASK ME NO MORE.

BY BENJAMIN TENNYSON AND LORD ALFRED HARRISON.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cable, too, may draw the bounding cars;
The smoker draws upon his loved cigars,
Yet *asks* them not permission. So with me.
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; but when the fight begins,
When dawns that fierce and dreaded battle day,
Remember this: thy Benjy loves a fray,
Nor doth he fear the loud alarum dins.
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea:
No thing in life exists that can't be drawn.
I'll bide the day, I'll bide the coming dawn
When you without the asking draw on me.
Ask me no more.
N.B.—Just draw.



A NIGHT RESCUE.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.—[See Page 499.]
Illustrating the use of the new illuminated Life-buoy adopted by the United States Navy.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES AT ATHENS.

Χαίρετε, νικῶμεν.

Rejoice! *We have conquered!* The two Greek words shouted by one panting runner were taken up by a hundred thousand voices, and rang through the Stadium, across the Ilissus to the distant Pentelicus, to the Hymettos on the right, and on the left the rocks of the Acropolis caught up the sound and sent it back. But the shout lost itself in one cavern of the rock, where it lingered, and seemed held as by the familiarity of some vague and distant association. The shouting multitude in and about the Stadium were not aware of what was going on in the grotto of Pan, under the rock of the Acropolis. For the old god Pan, who had been sleeping here for two thousand years, awoke and smiled. He remembered how, 2276 years ago, he had gladdened the heart of the runner Pheidippides when he raced back from Sparta in despair at not obtaining Lakonian help to meet the Persian foe threatening Athens before Marathon; how he, the great god Pan, had promised him and the Athenians success against their barbarian enemies. But it was not Pheidippides who, after the victory of Marathon, as Browning puts it,

> "flung down his shield,
> Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the fennel-field
> And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
> Till he broke, 'Rejoice, we conquer!' Like wine through clay,
> Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!"

The Marathon runner who died with the blessed words on his lips, sinking down in the market-place of Athens, according to the account of Lucian, was a certain Philippides.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm within the Stadium—nay, in the whole city of Athens—over the result of this the most important contest in the games during these ten days. The Stadium packed with over 50,000 people; the walls around it, the hills about, covered with a human crowd that from the distance looked like bees clustering over a comb; and this mass of humanity rising in one great shout of joy with the advent—the one runner who was first to cross the line within the Stadium, caught in the arms of the Crown-Prince, who led him before the King, embraced and kissed by those who could get near him; all this and much more sent a thrill through every heart which few could have experienced before with the same intensity. It might almost have been Philippides of old bringing to the anxious inhabitants of Athens the news of their glorious victory, the salvation of their country and home.

We can well understand how the Greeks themselves should, from all these associations, have viewed this race as especially their own; and we must admire them the more for the fairness and generosity with which they received the news (while the pole-jumping, in which the American, Hoyt, proved victorious, was going on in the Stadium) that Flack, the Australian, and then that Blake, the Boston man, were leading after 20 kilometres. But when, finally, three of their own men came in as the leaders, we can equally sympathize in their unbounded joy. While, with strong protests on his part, the victor was being rubbed down in the dressing-rooms behind the Stadium, presents were showered upon him. One person sent a gold watch, another a gold cigarette-case; I am told that he has had a small farm given him, daughters offered in marriage—in fact, all that a hero can wish for. I hope this will not counteract one of the chief aims of these games, namely, the preservation of strict amateur principles in not giving valuable prizes.

Both Flack, the Australian, and Blake of Boston say that they were fairly outrun by these Greek peasants, who have not been trained systematically over a prepared course. It is one thing to run long distances on a course, another to keep up pace up and down hill over a rough road. The distance from Marathon to Athens is forty kilometres, about twenty-five miles. I saw the victor, Spiros Louces. He is a peasant's son from Amaroussi, a village in Attica, not far from Athens. He is about twenty-four years of age, slightly over medium height, slim and strong, with fine features, clear bright gray eyes, and dark hair. He is as yet quite simple and unspoilt, and we must hope that his success will not turn his head. He remains the true Greek peasant—a hardy, clear-headed, honest, and kind tiller of the soil—than which no better type of man exists in the world. It was a delight to see him in his clean fustanella, his blue embroidered waistcoat jacket with the long sleeves, his red Greek cap and tassel, his embroidered gaiters and red pointed *zarucchia*, or shoes, walking with his old peasant father, cheered by the enthusiastic crowd as he passed through the streets of Athens.

I have dwelt so long on this Marathon race because it is a type of the joyful life which these games have brought into the place. Only it cannot illustrate the generous joy and enthusiasm which moved the Greeks and all the visitors at each victory, to whatever nation it might have fallen. Still, I venture to say that the greatest glee was shown at each successive victory that fell to our nation, the youngest of all, that carried off the palm and gained by far the greater number of prizes, namely, the Boston and Princeton boys. T. E. Burke's running, Curtis's hurdle-racing, Clark's jumping, Connolly in the triple jump (hop, skip, and jump), Garrett's putting the weight and throwing the diskos, Hoyt's pole-jumping, the brothers Paine's pistol-shooting—each of these carried off a first prize. But whenever their own man was beaten and the stars and stripes were hoisted at the end of the Stadium to indicate the nationality of the winner, the Greeks raised a shout of applause. This they did for the other nations as well—the English (Flack, the Australian, in the 1500-metres race; Elliott, lifting weights with one hand); the Frenchmen (at bicycling); the Germans (at gymnastics and wrestling); the Danes (at lifting weights with two hands); the Hungarians (at swimming); their own men (gymnastics on rings, and two prizes in rifle-shooting); but with none was the cheer as hearty as with the Americans. There can be no doubt that "our boys" were the most popular with the mass of the people and with the officials. Prince George of Greece (the powerful naval officer who saved the life of his cousin, the Czar of Russia, in Japan, felling the would-be assassin with one blow of a light cane), who acted as chief umpire throughout, said to me: "We all love the American athletes. They behaved so well, and are such good fellows. They taught our people a lesson with their true interest in sport itself. They would sit down with our men, rub their limbs after each trial, and advise them without any idea that they were rivals."

This first celebration of the Olympic Games has thus been a stupendous success; and Mr. Bikélas, the president of the International Committee; Baron de Coubertin, the originator of the idea; the Crown-Prince of Greece, who proved himself the most capable and energetic organizer of all the work here; his brothers, Prince George and Prince Nicholas (the latter making all arrangements for the magnificent shooting-stands); the secretaries, Messrs. Philemon, Manos, Streit, Melas, and Metaxas—all are to be heartily congratulated. Several American friends expressed the same sentiment when they said that only once in their lives had they been impressed as powerfully as when they sat in the Stadium on a full day, namely, at some scenes in the Chicago Exposition.

But all this would not have been possible had it not been for the local receptacle for all this human energy and enthusiasm.

THE STADIUM.

Pausanias, the ancient traveller, who visited Athens in the time of the Antonines, states that the Stadium was built by Herodes Atticus, and the greater part of the marble from the quarries of the Pentelicon was used in its construction.

But Pausanias is wrong in maintaining that Herodes built the Stadium. We know from Plutarch that it existed in the time of the orator Lycurgus, and an inscription tells us that in 330 B.C. Eudemos gave 1000 yoke of oxen towards its building. What Herodes did was to clothe it all in resplendent marble; and the mass of marble required to cover all the seats of this huge structure might well have exhausted one vein of the quarries of Mount Pentelicus, which, however, supplies its beautiful stone to the modern community at the present moment, and is used for the restoration of the Stadium now. Herodes is reported to have formed the project of this splendid gift to Athens while he was witnessing the Panathenaic games in the Stadium. He promised the spectators that when they assembled for the next Panathenaic festival they should find it covered with marble. He kept his promise. And the ancients owed much to this wealthy friend of Hadrian and teacher of Marcus Aurelius.

After about 1760 years another Herodes Atticus has arisen. Mr. Averoff, a wealthy Greek living at Alexandria, has generously given the funds with which the Stadium is to be restored in order to be used in the new "Panathenaic" games, which now bring together all nations which are the inheritors of ancient Hellenic and Athenian life, the truly civilized nations of Europe and America. He has already contributed over 500,000 francs, and he is determined to complete the marble and stone seats throughout the whole Stadium; at least all below the zone or passage which divides the tiers horizontally. At present a lower row of marble seats runs round the whole Stadium, while at the crescent, or semicircular portion, the throne-like seats below and several upper rows are in marble, the rest being temporarily erected in wood.

An idea of the size of this structure, in the shape of an elongated horseshoe, can be formed when one realizes that the length of the inner portion of the Stadium itself, round which the seats rise, is 236 metres. The usual length of the stadium was 600 Greek feet, and this became the standard measure of distance for the ancients—about one-eighth of a mile.

It is a mistake to believe that chariot or horse races took place in the Stadium. It was reserved for the foot-race, the oldest of Greek games. This consisted of the single race or *stadion;* the *diaulos*—down the course, turning the post, and back again; the *dolichos*, the long-distance race of 24 stadia; and the *hoplitodromos*, in which they ran in armor. It is also probable that some of the other contests, such as wrestling (*pygme*), boxing (*pale*), the *pancration* (a combination of wrestling and boxing), and perhaps even throwing the discus and the spear took place here.

Under the able direction of the Greek architect, Mr. Metaxas, this edifice (identified as early as the seventeenth century, and partly excavated in 1863) has now been restored. All the indications of antique remains have been most carefully followed, so that now the interior, the seats, the underground passage leading out of the Stadium to the dressing-room of the athletes, are exactly as they were two thousand years ago.

In principle I have always been opposed to *restorations* of ancient monuments. But this is the one exception in which I consider such a complete restoration called for, instructive and adequate in every way. A temple like the Parthenon, or any building in which beauty of conception and execution, truly artistic qualities of composition and of detail, are essential, and are the very soul of the monument, it would be sacrilege and folly to attempt to restore. But here the artistic quality is one of purity of line in the whole structure, of proportion in its construction, and this has been reproduced literally. An interesting point was made clear, hitherto unknown—*i. e.*, a gentle curve in the rows of seats converging on either side of the centre, and thus not uniformly parallel to the inner Stadium.

The really impressive and instructive feature of the Stadium is the magnitude and spaciousness of its dimensions, and its capacity of holding 50,000 people witnessing the efforts of their athletic youths. Besides this number of seated Athenians, the helots, or slaves, were allowed to stand about the upper portion above the seats. As now many thousands of the poor population filled this space, so was it crowded in antiquity. The Acropolis, the museums and the monuments scattered over the country and abroad, bring home to us the refinement of taste and the height of Athenian culture. This Stadium, especially when filled with such a vast population, brings us face to face with the grandeur and power of the ancient community of Athens. It shows us the bulk and magnitude of their life, which before one hardly realized. It has often happened to me to hear travellers coming from Egypt remark upon the smallness of scale of all they met here, their eyes having been accustomed to the huge proportions of the monuments of the Pharaohs' building with slaves; though they were entranced by the beauty, grace, and refinement of the work they found in Athens. The Stadium now will convey to the visitor some impression of magnitude, not in a monument erected by slaves for the glorification of one ruler, but in a structure to house a free and powerful community, uniting in the peaceful delight at physical strength and skill.

The immediate aim, the encouragement of athletics, has been fully attained. But in a still more gratifying manner has the further and higher purpose, the spread of international good feeling and fellowship, been carried out. Rarely, if ever, have so many people of all civilized nations been brought together for a common purpose, and never have they shown themselves to such advantage.

Here the Greek committee, and especially the King of Greece and the royal family, deserve especial gratitude from all. Throughout they have acted as a powerful link between all the nationalities. At a grand luncheon, in the large hall of the royal palace, to which all the winners and foreign representatives were invited, the King, in a graceful speech in French and then in Greek, thanked all the foreigners for coming and contributing to the great success of this noble enterprise. He ended by saying, "Not good-by, but *au revoir*." Then he and his sons mingled among the guests, talking and jesting with all, and making them all feel that they were really at home in this country.

The games opened in the presence of all the royalties, the King and Queen in the centre; the Crown-Prince advanced before them in the middle of the sphendoné, his two brothers beside him with the committee, and made his opening speech, to which the King answered. Upon this followed, sung by a large chorus with double orchestra, the splendid hymn composed by the Greek Samara (the composer of the operas *Flora*, *Mirabilis*, and *Le Martyr*)—a most impressive opening. The Olympic Games ended by the conferring of the simple bay wreath to each victor, led up before the King, in the Stadium, in the presence of thousands of admiring people of all nations, as two thousand years ago the victor stepped before the high-priest of Zeus and received the bay wreath before the great temple at Olympia.

Charles Waldstein.

PEALE'S FULL LENGTH OF WASHINGTON.

The discovery of a new portrait of Washington is always a historical event, not merely on account of the value of the picture, but as well because each additional one helps to clear away more or less of the doubts and inaccuracies always inevitable in historical portraiture. Especially welcome is any light on the series of portraits of Washington painted by Charles Willson Peale, for about none has there been more contradictory or "traditionary" evidence; and the new full-length portrait recently discovered in Spain, now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, and reproduced in the present issue, only proves the more how little has hitherto been known of the subject.

To Charles Willson Peale, an American by birth, and a student under Benjamin West, belongs the honor of having painted more portraits of Washington from life than any other artist, as well as of having painted both the earlier and latest portraits of him that were done. In 1772 he drew a half-length portrait of Washington at Mount Vernon (painting also three miniatures "for Mrs. Washington" and the two Custis children), and making at the same time the "bust study," which the artist himself retained, and which he kept for many years. For other portraits Washington gave him sittings in 1776, 1778, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1786, 1787, and finally in 1795, enabling Peale to paint in all fourteen portraits from life, and making him, in effect, the "court" artist of the greatest American.

It is only the series of portraits executed by Peale between 1776 and 1784 that need consideration here, but even with this limitation the subject is vexed and confused. It has generally been stated that Congress ordered a portrait of Washington immediately after the evacuation of Boston, that Peale accordingly painted one, and that Congress then refused to pay for it, leaving the picture on the painter's hands. This is entirely false, Congress never having passed such a resolution. What undoubtedly led to the fable was the fact that in this year Washington sat to Peale at the request of John Hancock, then President of Congress. When Hancock retired from Congress, early in 1778, he took this portrait, which was the first full length of Washington ever painted, to Boston, and previous writers have stated that he presented it to the French Admiral d'Estaing, who carried it to France. This statement was due to a contemporary notice in the *Pennsylvania Packet* of November 10, 1778, which stated:

"Monday, se'ennight a large company of gentlemen and ladies dined on board the *Languedoc*, at the invitation of Count d'Estaing. The entertainment was highly elegant. A picture of General Washington at full length, lately presented to the Count by General Hancock, was placed at the centre of the upper side of the room, the frame of which was covered with laurels."

The inference drawn from this statement, however, is incorrect; for not merely was an engraving of the portrait issued in 1782 "from an original picture in the possession of his Exer. Gov. Hancock," but, what is even more conclusive, we have evidence that the picture given to d'Estaing was only a copy, for Lafayette wrote to Washington, September 1, 1778:

"Give me joy, my dear General: I intend to have your picture, and Mr. Hancock has promised me a copy of that he has in Boston. He gave one to Count d'Estaing, and I never saw a man so glad at possessing his sweetheart's picture as the Admiral was to receive yours."

Thus we have evidence that there was a Peale full length in Boston in 1778, and that at least two copies were made of it, presumably by some other artist; but not one of these three is now known to be in existence.

Between the painting of this portrait in 1776 and 1779 Peale drew three miniatures of Washington; and in the latter year, while the Commander-in-Chief was in Philadelphia in consultation with Congress, the Pennsylvania Assembly passed the following resolution:

"*Whereas*, The wisest, freest, and bravest nations, in the most virtuous times, have endeavored to perpetuate the memory of those who have rendered their country distinguished services, by preserving their resemblances in Statues and Paintings: This Council, deeply sensible how much the liberty, safety, and happiness of America in general, and Pennsylvania in particular, is owing to his Excellency General Washington and the brave men under his command, do—

"*Resolve*, That his Excellency General Washington be requested to permit this Council to place his Portrait in the

Council-Chamber, not only as a mark of great respect which they bear to his Excellency, but that the contemplation of it may excite others to tread in the same glorious and disinterested steps, which led to public happiness and private honor. And that the President be desired to wait on his Excellency the General with the above request, and, if granted, to inquire when and where it will be most agreeable to him for Mr. Peale to attend him."

To this request Washington at once assented, writing to the Assembly the following response:

"Gentlemen,—The liberal testimony of approbation which you did me the honor of transmitting by the hands of his Excellency the President, coming from so respectable an Assembly, cannot but make the deepest impression on my mind. However conscious I am that your generous sensibility attributes infinitely too much to me, my respect for you leads me to acquiesce in your request, and gratefully to subscribe myself, gentlemen,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

George Washington.

"Headquarters, Philadelphia, *January* 20, 1779."

In the *Pennsylvania Packet* of February 4, 1779, we are further told:

"Tuesday morning (February 2) his Excellency General Washington set off from Philadelphia to join the army in New Jersey. During the course of his short stay (the only relief he has enjoyed from service since he first entered into it) he has been honored with every mark of esteem which his accomplished fortitude as a soldier and his exalted qualities as a gentleman and a citizen entitle him to. . . . The Council of this State, being desirous of having his picture, a full length, requested his sitting for that purpose, which he politely complied with, and a striking likeness was taken by Mr. Peale, of Philadelphia. The portrait is to be placed in the Council-Chamber. Don Juan Maraillés [*sic*] has ordered five copies, four of which, we hear, are to be sent abroad."

The further history of this portrait is quaintly told in the *Freeman's Journal* of September 12, 1781: "On Sunday, the 9th instant, *at night*, a fit time for the Sons of Lucifer to perpetrate the deeds of darkness, one or more volunteers in the service of hell broke into the State House in Philadelphia, and totally defaced the picture of his Excellency General Washington, and a curious engraving of the monument of the patriotic General Montgomery, done in France in the most elegant manner. Every generous bosom must swell with indignation at such atrocious proceedings. It is a matter of grief and sorrowful reflection that any of the human race can be so abandoned as to offer such an insult to men who are and have been an honor to human nature, who venture and have ventured their lives for the liberties of their fellow-men. A being who carries such malice in his breast must be miserable beyond conception. We need wish him no other punishment than his own feelings.

> "'The motions of his spirit are black as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus.'"

Fortunately Peale issued an engraving of this portrait in 1780, by which we know its details, which are practically identical with the portrait reproduced in our present issue, and this enables us to decide that it was this picture which we must consider as the original of quite a series of Peale portraits; and since it is no longer in existence, all replicas are of distinct value. So far as copies are known, they are as follows:

The Menou copy, dated 1779, and sent in that year by Peale to Spain (falsely claimed to have formerly belonged to Louis XVI.), brought to this country by Count Menou from Paris, where he had bought it at an auction sale, and which, after much wandering, is now in the Corcoran Gallery.

The McKean copy, undated, bought at the sale of Peale's effects in 1855, and presumably the "whole-length portrait" (No. 212) mentioned in the catalogue of Peale's Museum issued in 1813.

The Versailles copy (now in that Gallery), unsigned and undated, but painted at the request of the French Minister Gérard for Louis XVI.

The Quiddenham Park copy, unsigned and undated, which was painted for the Stadtholder of Würtemberg, was captured in 1780 by an English man-of-war in the ship that was carrying it to Europe, was sold as part of the cargo of the prize, purchased by Captain Keppel, presented to Admiral Keppel, and from him descended to the present Earl of Albemarle. This copy was offered for sale in this country not many years ago, but at such a high price that no purchaser could be found.

The Boudinot copy, unsigned and undated, three-quarter-length, with the blue ribbon, painted for Elias Boudinot, and now the property of a descendant.

All these are practically identical in detail, and may be considered as the same portrait, the differences being so slight as to be hardly noticeable. Differing in more or less degree from them are: First, the portrait of Washington painted for the State of Maryland in 1783 (now in the room of the Maryland House of Delegates), in which the background is shifted to Yorktown, and Lafayette and Colonel Tilghman added. Second, the one painted for Nassau (now Princeton) College in 1783, in which the pose is very greatly changed, and a figure of General Mercer introduced. Finally, there is the full-length painted by order of the State of Virginia in 1784 for the purpose of sending it to Europe, that a statue might be modelled from it, but which was made needless by the decision of Houdon to visit this country and take casts from Washington.

Having sketched the history of the Peale full-lengths, it is easier to consider and properly class the newly discovered one. Unlike those already noticed, it is signed, and dated 1781, but its likeness to the series originating in the portrait painted for the Assembly of Pennsylvania proves that it is a replica of that, the only other variation being the absence of the broad blue ribbon, which Washington had made the distinctive badge of the Commander-in-Chief. Because of this close resemblance, it is asserted that it is one of the copies already alluded to as ordered by Mirales (or, as it has hitherto been wrongly spelled, Marailles), to send to Spain. This is too hasty an assumption, and is not borne out by the facts at our command. Aside from the fact that the only proof of the painting of these portraits is a newspaper statement (and papers were no more infallible then than now), we have an assertion of Peale's own son that only one copy was sent to Spain by Mirales. And that this is not that copy is easily proved by dates. Don Juan Mirales came to America in 1778 as an unaccredited agent of Spain, which, having no treaty with the United States, managed all its relations with this country through the French minister. Mirales, nevertheless, was treated with distinction, and seems to have made regular reports to his government, which presumably was the purpose for which he was sent. It is very probable that he ordered and sent to Spain a portrait of Washington, but it could not be this portrait, for, as already noticed, it is dated 1781, and in *Thacher's Military Journal*, under date of April 29, 1780, we learn: "I accompanied Dr. Schuyler to headquarters to attend the funeral of M. de Miralles. The deceased was a gentleman of high rank in Spain, and had been about one year a resident with our Congress from the Spanish court. The corpse was dressed in rich state and exposed to public view, as is customary in Europe. . . . His Excellency General Washington, with several other general officers and members of Congress, attended the funeral solemnities and walked as chief mourners. The other officers of the army and numerous respectable citizens formed a splendid procession, extending about one mile." Thus the evidence is conclusive that Mirales was dead a year before this portrait was painted, and consequently could have had nothing whatever to do with the sending of it to Spain. And with this fact we can brush aside at once the unauthenticated assertion that this copy was formerly the property of the royal family of Spain, and was sold by them during the Revolution. But in discrediting these statements no doubt is thrown on the original portrait, which seems to be, beyond question, a portrait of Washington by Peale, and one of the most interesting that are now extant of the many painted by him.

Paul Leicester Ford.

JAVA.

Java lies at about the same distance to the south as Ceylon does to the north of the equator, and there are many points of resemblance between the two islands in climate, soil, and natural products. The island has the advantage of being longer and narrower than Ceylon, which somewhat improves the climate, and renders it much more healthy as a place for European residence. It is about five hundred miles long by an average breadth of not more than fifty, and is dotted throughout its entire length with a succession of active volcanoes which from time to time cause great mischief and loss of life.

For more than two centuries past Java has been the headquarters of Holland in the East. Batavia, the commercial though not the official capital, is a fine city, full of commercial activity, and in some respects unique among Oriental cities. Both there and at Buitenzorg, the official seat of government, there are fine buildings, noble streets, and all the well-ordered surroundings of a civilized country. There are railroads, both government works and the result of private enterprise, and all are substantial and well managed and successful. There is a Dutch population numbering in all about thirty thousand souls, and for the most part it seems to be a settled population, and not, as in the case of Britain's Indian possessions, merely a population of temporary residents.

On the other hand it strikes every stranger at once that in all this there is little or nothing for the twenty-four millions of the native people. There has probably never in all history been an instance of paternal government carried out to so thorough a conclusion. On the whole, no doubt the natives have gained much by being saved from the tyranny of their own chiefs, which is now kept within bounds, though by no means abolished; they are better off than they were when tribal wars were common occurrences; but they are practically slaves to-day. Not indeed to individual colonists, but to the Dutch government, and they have gained very few indeed of the benefits of civilization from their Dutch masters. The island, in a word, is run in the undivided interests of Holland now as much as it was two centuries ago. A native must give fifty-two days of his time in each year to such government work as he is directed to do; he must hand over a large percentage of the products of his own land which the government allows him to cultivate; he must approach any Hollander with bended knee, and must on no account venture to address him in the Dutch language.

The Dutch colony exhibits the curious spectacle of an adaptation by a civilized people of a good many of the habits and customs of a native and uncivilized one. There is probably no less-clad community of white humanity to-day than the Dutch in Batavia when seen in their own houses. The first introduction is, it must be confessed, a little startling; but, like everything else, it grows quickly familiar with use, and bare feet and the flimsiest and scantiest of garments have at least the merit of being appropriate to the climate. They are a wealthy and prosperous community, and they take life easy as a rule. Nobody—nobody, that is, with a white skin—hurries himself in Java. The siesta is emphatically the order of the day, and not even a train is run after dark on any of the lines. The extraordinary fertility of the soil and the great amount of rain, which falls frequently at all seasons of the year, render production amazing. Rice is the staple product of the island, which in this respect is the recognized granary of the Eastern seas, and nothing can be more beautiful than the terraced hills covered with crops which are watered by little cataracts that drop from ledge to ledge from the summit reservoirs where the water is collected. Coffee, sugar, tobacco, tea, cinchona, and spices of all sorts go to make up the catalogue of the varied products that make Java wealthy and its rulers rich. To a stranger it must be confessed it does seem a pity that in this age of progress and enlightenment its possessors can think of no way of making these things available for the elevation of the people.

In this respect, it must be admitted, nothing is attempted. There is a marked absence of even the stereotyped organizations for Christianizing the people, and it is a common thing to see side by side an altar erected to Abraham, Joseph, Christ, Mohammed, and two or three local spirits who are supposed to be more or less dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the neighborhood. On these altars fruits and flowers are commonly offered by the votaries with the curiously inappropriate declaration of the followers of the prophet, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet."

IMPERIAL FINANCES.

A nation, like an individual, cannot be entirely independent unless it is self-supporting. It should not mortgage either its present or its future to others in obtaining the means for its current support. So far as is possible, a colonial system should be financially self-sustaining. This is, in the main, true of the English colonies. In the years 1894–5, comparatively unfavorable years, the expenses of the empire exceeded the revenue. The United Kingdom, taken alone, gave a handsome surplus. British India showed an even greater deficit. Of the English colonies in Asia only the Straits Settlements yielded a larger revenue than the expenses of local government demanded. Australasia, which has possessed governments for a sufficient time to have attained consistency, expended more than $2,000,000 in excess of the revenue. The Dominion of Canada, open to objection as have been some of its measures of internal improvement, is testing their value by a deficit. The colonies in Africa, among the latest to be acquired, are unable to obtain a revenue equal to their needs. It requires nearly $490,000,000 a year to pay the administrative expenses of the British Empire outside of the United Kingdom, and the actual expenditures are nearly $9,000,000 greater.

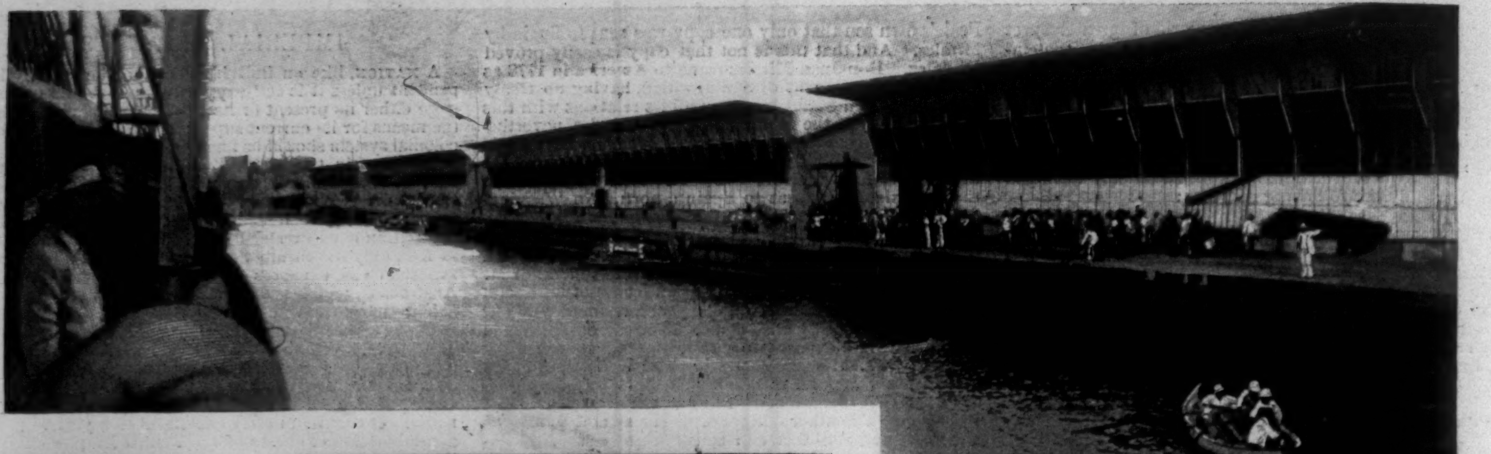
These sums may be taken as representing the current expense of the English colonies. Over and above this sum extensive use has been made of credit, as well to construct works of public improvement as to meet the expenses of a war, an expedition, or a deficit in the revenues. The debt of the colonies of Great Britain represents a capital of $2,200,000,000, on which the interest charge would be at least $120,000,000 a year, or about one-fourth of the total expenditures of the colonies. While this debt may constitute a bond between colony and English people, who have for the most part advanced the money, it does not constitute an immediate charge on the English exchequer. It is a burden on the colony; and this question of colonial finance is one that involves extreme difficulties. The populations of most of these dependencies are native populations, having made little advance in civilization, and of limited means and few wants easily supplied. A direct tax upon land or wealth would be difficult of assessment and of collection. It is by indirect taxation that the greater part of colonial revenues is raised. Duties on imports and duties on consumption constitute the main features of colonial tax systems. And so free have the colonies been left to their own devices, that they have been permitted to frame and enforce tax systems in direct opposition to the principles which control the home government in matters of finance—systems which affect the trade of the mother-country more severely and injuriously than that of any other, and consequently competing, power.

France and Germany, as well as Spain, insist that the colonies shall be truly dependent on the mother-country. The experiment of Germany in turning its African possessions into the control of trading companies has not released it from direct responsibility. Each year a sum is appropriated for colonial expenses, and each year this sum increases in amount. France has been more lavish than any other country in making concessions and granting special privileges to individuals and companies in colonial commerce and industry. Yet so far from being self-supporting, the colonies receive direct from France $20,000,000 a year, and often more; and the return to the state from all colonial concessions and monopolies was, in 1892, less than $35,000, and has not greatly increased since that time. Great Britain, resorting in Africa to a chartered company, with powers approaching those of a monopoly, has proved beyond question the impolicy of such a step. In no instance, therefore, are colonies or other dependencies a source of revenue to the mother-country.

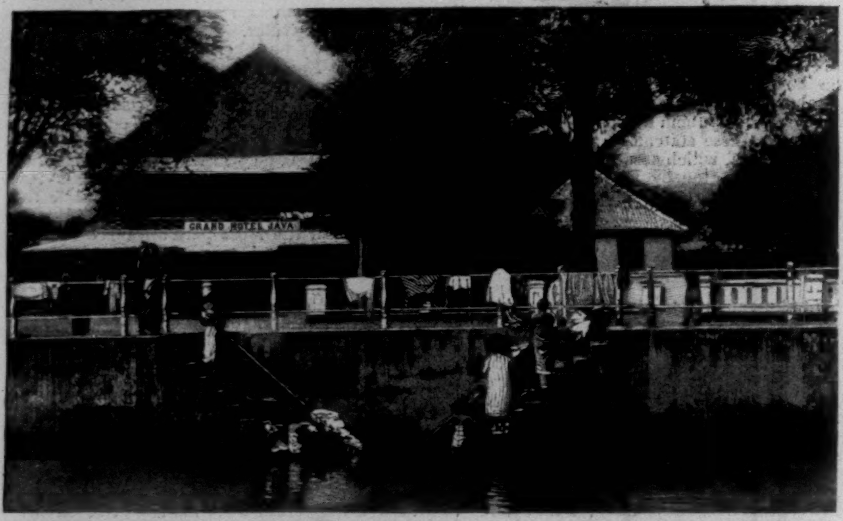
In every case have they been the source of trouble and expense. There are two factors in any colonial enterprise yet to be considered. Surrounded as they are, if not indeed inhabited, by races hostile to the European settler, not only must a condition of armed truce be maintained, but costly and dangerous expeditions must from time to time be made to keep in check the rebellious or predatory spirit of the natives. In the long record of colonial enterprises there is hardly one which does not show its record of cruelty and massacre, of a foundation in greed, and of establishment in blood. England has spent hundreds of millions of dollars in securing her settlements from the attack of neighbors, and Italy has embarrassed her already disordered finances and exhausted what little prestige she had in Europe by a reckless attempt to share in the appropriation of Africa. France, too, has wasted men who could not be well spared, and money, more and more difficult to obtain, in Asia and Africa, while Germany, undeterred by the experience of other countries, is anxious to imitate, and in foreign activity secure a respite from political agitation at home. Belgium has signally failed to secure any of the expectations, political or commercial, of the Congo country; and admitting the failure, seeks to turn over to others the anxieties which are proving too costly and weighty for her limited means.

The second factor is in guarding against the jealousy of other European powers. Protectorates are viewed with suspicion; and temporary occupation gives rise to bickerings which prevent united action among the powers when united action alone is demanded by the situation, as recently in Armenia. The unconscious growth of colonial limits—unconscious because outside of the control of the home government—produces complications which have brought and are bringing nations within sight of war. This is reflected in the increased budgets for army and navy, and in periodical outbursts of demagogy, which for want of a better title are described by "Jingoism." If the direct cost of colonies and colonial enterprises is to be counted by hundreds of millions, the indirect cost can only be counted by thousands of millions. The disturbance to trade and industry from foreign complications is one that can hardly be reduced to dollars and cents. The loss of life in making settlements, in establishing government, or in defending possessions cannot be estimated in money. Least of all can we measure the effect of that boastful confidence which leads men to commit acts of cruelty and injustice, and to venture their lives and fortunes in undertakings which can be successful only by the intervention of government—an intervention that may be called for and exerted upon grounds which should be disallowed as immoral.

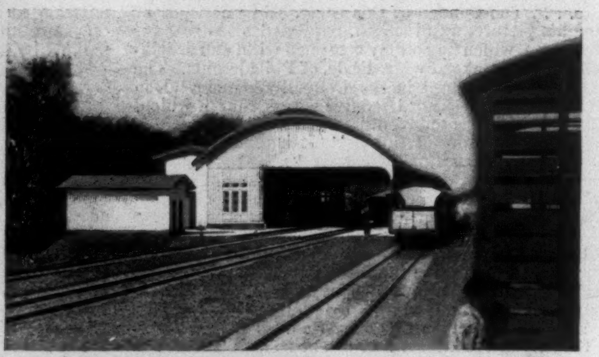
Worthington C. Ford.



THE LANDING AND CUSTOMS WAREHOUSES AT BATAVIA.

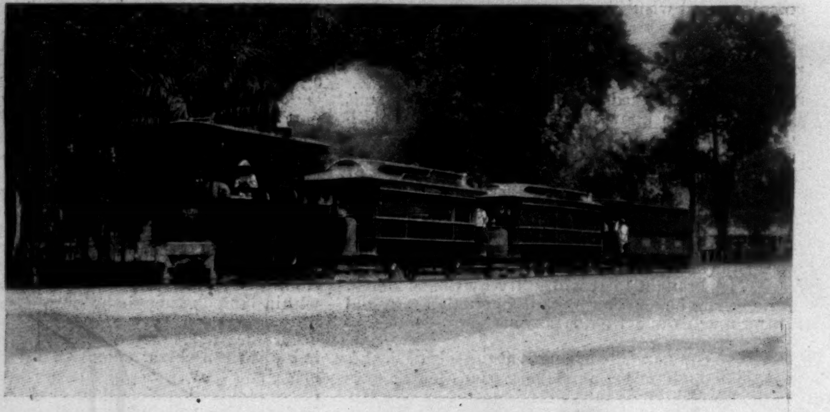


CANAL SCENE IN BATAVIA—NATIVE WOMEN BATHING AND WASHING BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

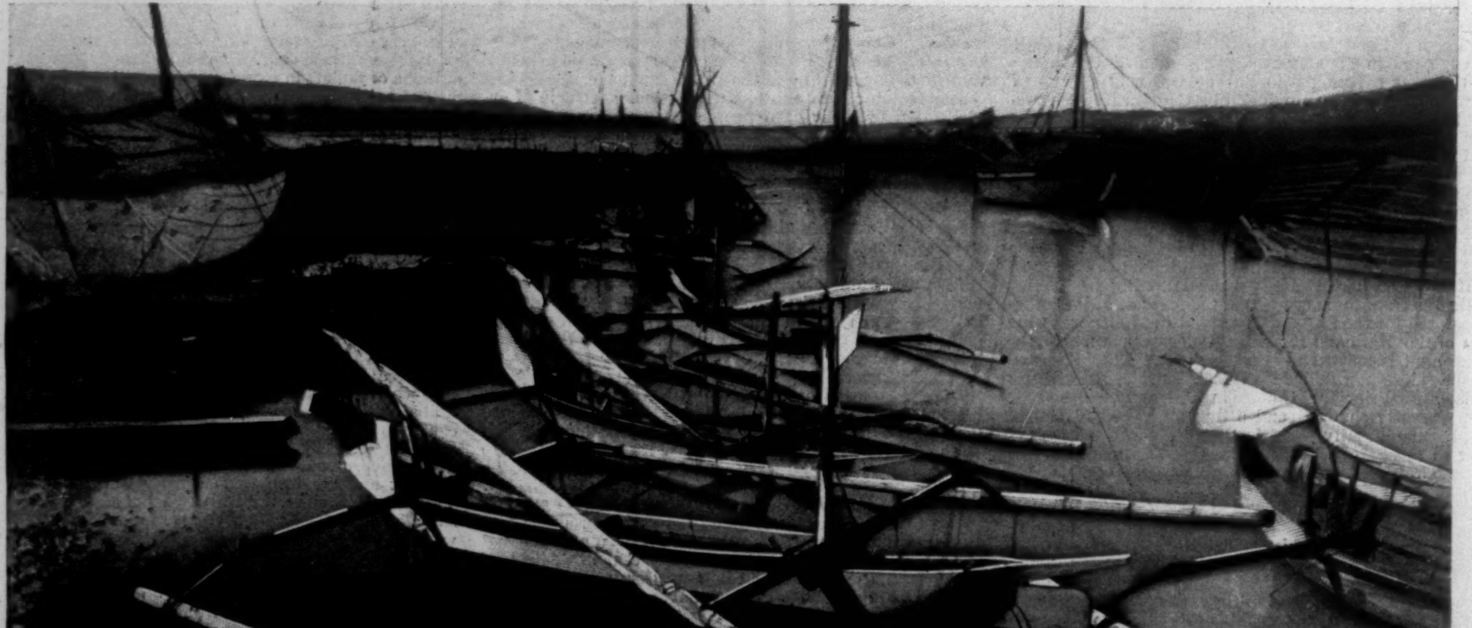


JAVAN RAILWAY STATION, SHOWING SODDED LAWN BETWEEN RAILWAY TRACKS.

RUINS OF ANCIENT HINDU TEMPLE AT BRAMBANAN.

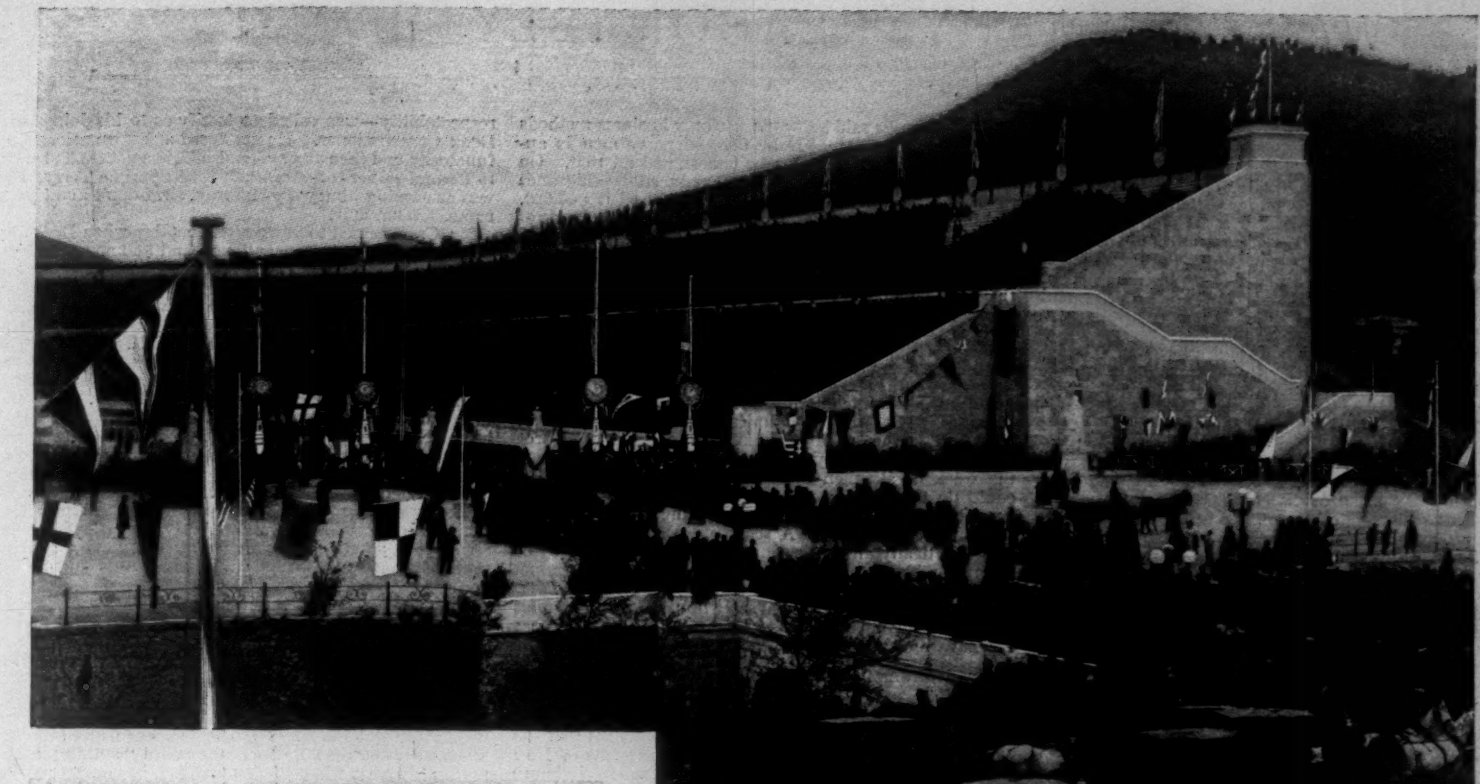


STEAM-MOTOR TRAIN FOR STREET-RAILWAY SERVICE IN BATAVIA.

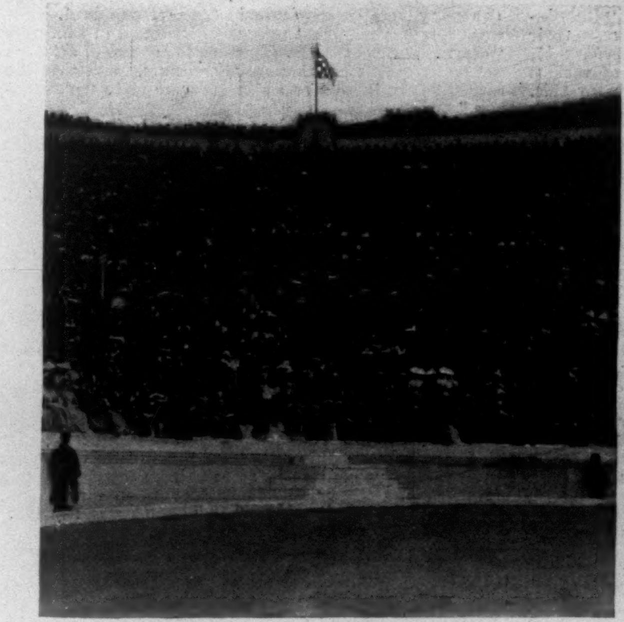


CATAMARAN FISHING-BOATS, ISLAND OF BALI.

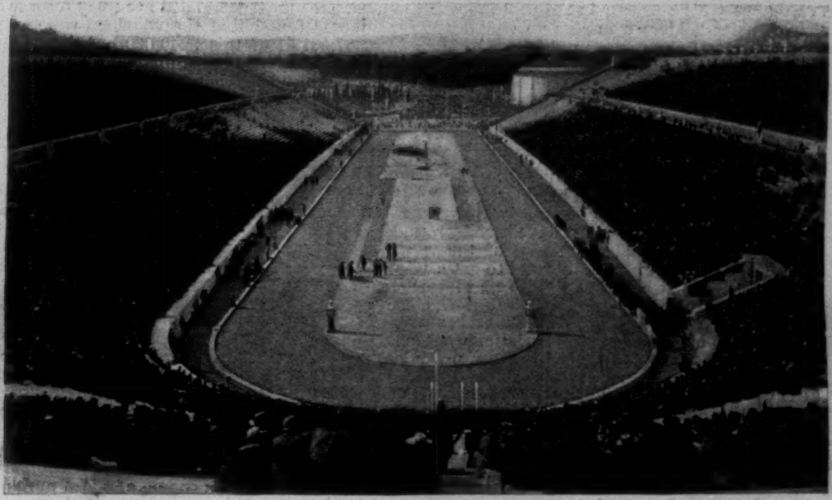
WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN JAVA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 491.]



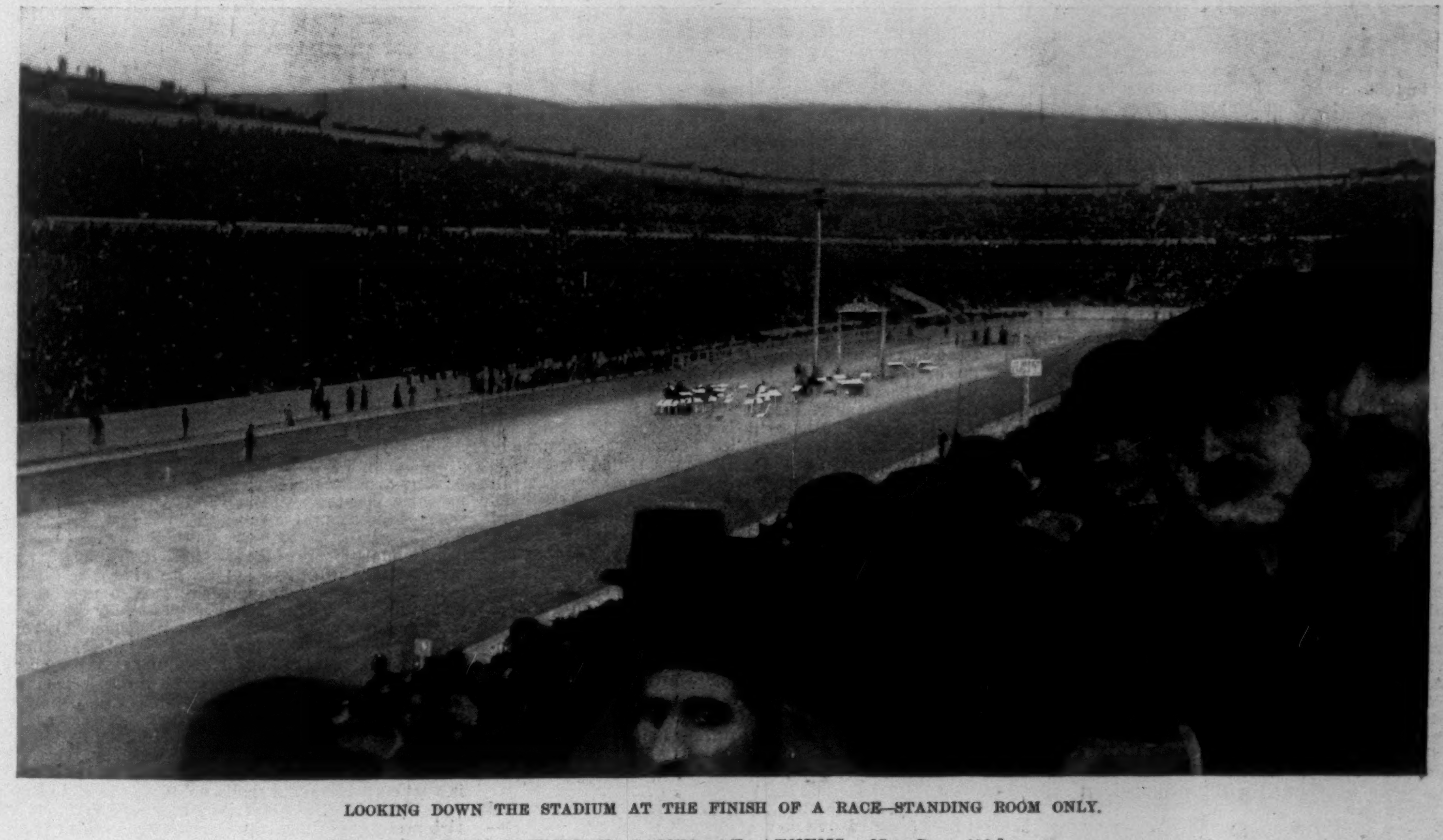
THE KING AND THE ROYAL FAMILY ENTERING THE STADIUM ON THE DAY OF THE MARATHON RACE—VIEWED FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE ILISSUS.



THE SPHENDONÉ OF THE STADIUM.
The King of Greece in naval uniform in the centre, with him the King of Servia, the Princess Mary, the Grand-Duke George of Russia, the Crown-Princess of Greece and her children.



AN EMPTY DAY—LOOKING UP THE STADIUM DURING THE LONG-JUMP CONTEST.
The three dark stones in the wall of the passage through which the athletes enter belonged to the ancient building, and occupy their original position.



LOOKING DOWN THE STADIUM AT THE FINISH OF A RACE—STANDING ROOM ONLY.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES AT ATHENS.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

WAS TAMMANY REASONABLY HONEST?

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

STATE SENATOR GRADY, Tammany's "distinguished orator," has lifted up his voice frequently in Albany and New York during the winter that has just passed, and has proclaimed with an air of pompous triumph that the reformers now managing the affairs of New York city have not been able to find a single trace of dishonesty in the books and records of the metropolis when under the management of Tammany Hall. Ably supplementing this declaration, Mr. Thomas C. Platt has said recently that the present administration of New York city is "a thousand times worse" than that of Tammany Hall.

It is not worth while to pay serious attention to Grady. His denunciations of Grover Cleveland, Dr. Parkhurst, and other well-known believers in honest government have marked Grady as the star blatherskite of all the enemies of decency in public life. It is not so easy to dismiss Platt. Every one knows him to be a spoilsman; he proclaims it himself from the house-tops; but the masses of the Republican party refuse to believe that Platt government means the same precisely as Croker government, with a mere change of name. But through Grady's mouthings and Platt's insinuations, aided by exaggerations of some injudicious acts here and there on the part of reformers in office, there can be no doubt that thousands of well-meaning citizens are beginning to believe that Tammany was not so bad, after all. For the benefit of these it is well to look into this matter closely.

First of all, it should be remembered that the days of direct stealing are ended. Professional politicians steal indirectly nowadays. Tweed's fall effected this change. Put the most dishonest politician in the country in charge of a city's money and property, and he knows enough in these days to produce a voucher of some sort for every penny expended. The books will be all right. Two and two will foot up four every time on them. There is a straight road from crooked book-keeping to States-prison, and every thieving rascal at the public crib knows it.

Moreover, vouchers for the money used will be all right on their faces. The dishonesty in the management of city affairs lies back of all this. It lies in the dishonest enforcement of contracts; in the combinations to secure contracts at enormously high prices; in the multiplication of the number of office-holders who give no equivalent for the money they draw; in the opportunities for blackmail. No gang of thieves ever had a severer lesson than Tammany's men in the perils of direct stealing. One could wager a thousand to one safely that Grady's assertion that the books are all right is practically correct. The vouchers, too, will seem to be correct. Comptroller Fitch, "Tammany's remnant," the great nagger of reformers, is required by law to see to that, and he does it. Fitch, the prospective candidate for Mayor of Greater New York, knows a thing or two.

Tammany's stealings in recent years have been by roundabout methods. Its men made a science of the work. For that reason it has been especially hard to get a trace of all of Tammany's plundering and pilfering. Nevertheless, there have been revelations, from time to time, since Tammany was turned out of office, that have been most shocking. The full extent of these revelations has not been realized because they have never been grouped adequately. The Commissioners of Accounts have done the digging after dishonesty, and a fine time they have had of it. Tammany was adroit in covering up its thievery. The Commissioners of Accounts probed and probed, and they laid bare an astonishing state of affairs in every department they overhauled. They have really made only a fair start. It will be months and months before they get through. Let those who think Tammany was reasonably honest see what has been disclosed.

REGISTER'S OFFICE—INEFFICIENCY CONTINUES.

On October 4th of last year the Commissioners of Accounts made a report of their investigations into the affairs of the Register's Office. The report declared that $50,000 a year could be saved to the tax-payers in that office. Since it had been made a salaried instead of a fee office the salaries had increased from $27,000 in 1887 to $83,000 in 1895, although the business of the office was practically the same. The employés were so incompetent that the Lawyers' Title-insurance Company in a little more than four years had found 4554 mistakes in the indices. It was declared that three men could do the work of the six engaged in copying satisfactions of mortgages, and that one man could do the entire work of the six searchers, each of whom got $2000 a year. It was further declared that the copying of old records in the office cost four times what it ought to cost. It was also declared that there was petty thievery going on. Warrants were issued for the arrest of two clerks, L. I. Musliner and Alfred Katz, for not turning into the treasury small fees they received for the inspection of chattel mortgages.

The report said that former bartenders, butchers, longshoremen, cattle-men, and others, with no experience in clerical work, were employed in the office. Among the more notorious of these was famous "Rocky" Moore, a former prize-fighter and disgraced policeman—a man indicted once for robbery, and, at the time the report was made, under indictment for shooting a man in a saloon. "Rocky" was a "custodian." Another star man was Ferdinand Marx, a butcher, employed as copyist. No less than 112 pages of a book had to be cut out because his work on it was so full of errors. He was put at other copying-work and his salary raised.

What has been the result of this report? Musliner and Katz were indicted for stealing. The case was so clear that the Grand Jury refused to hear the defendants. The Commissioners of Accounts not only had two witnesses who caught Musliner and Katz in a trap, but they had a disinterested witness, a woman, who had overseen some of the alleged illegal transactions. They notified the District Attorney of this new witness, and were expecting a conviction in the courts, when, to their astonishment, they picked up an afternoon newspaper, late in the day on December 27th last, and found that the indictments had been dismissed, at the request of the District Attorney's office, without even so much as notifying the Commissioners of Accounts. Tammany still runs the District Attorney's office.

Meantime election came on, and the Tammany candidate for Register was elected. His name is Sohmer. During the campaign he said he would use only business methods in running the office. If he favored party men in appointments, those men must be honest, and all that. On October 24th the Board of Estimate reduced the allowance for the office by $60,000. Later it increased it $40,000, making the actual reduction only $20,000. The work of Fitch, the nagger, began to tell. He could cause untold trouble by holding up appropriations for departments on this and that pretext, and he finally succeeded in securing that $40,000 increase.

Mr. Sohmer took office. How did he keep his pledges? Well, the salary report for March, 1896, shows that "Rocky" Moore and Marx and Musliner are still retained. Moore is getting $1200 a year, and Musliner and Marx $1000 each. Searching in the office has dwindled practically to nothing, owing to a law which permits attorneys to recover in costs amounts paid to title companies making these searches. The fees in the office for this work for the first three months of the present year were $268 16. This represents the work of six men at high salaries. One good man could do the entire work and have time to spare. The new Register has increased his recording clerks from forty-seven to forty-nine. A scaling down of the salaries was practically all that was accomplished in the way of reform by Tammany's new broom. The same incompetent crew is still maintained, and it is said that Register Sohmer is ready to admit privately that he finds he cannot run a political office as he would his private business. That is what we may expect of Tammany in the future.

SHEEHAN'S POLICE-BOARD PURCHASES.

Then came the revelations in the Police Department. To understand the meaning of the discoveries by the Commissioners of Accounts it should be remembered that the Police Department alone of all the departments of New York city spends its own money. What a splendid chance for Tammany! Sheehan—John, the brother of "Billy"—had charge of the spending. The commissioners, in their hunt, found that from January 1, 1893, to February 15, 1895, there had been expended for supplies of various sorts $240,624 24. Sheehan had the vouchers for this. An unpleasant experience in Buffalo and Tammany's watchfulness demanded accuracy from Mr. Sheehan. But it was found that the vouchers were so vague that only $67,531 51 of this $240,000 could be identified. Of the smaller sum it was found that $42,033 81 had been paid for 473 articles that could have been purchased at market prices for $20,634 85. The average amount paid for these articles was 203 per cent. greater than was necessary.

There were some extraordinary purchases made during the régime of Sheehan. One was a piece of iron that looks as if it might be an iron brace to a shelf. One arm of it is about a foot long and the other arm is about six inches long. The iron is about an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick. There are four or five holes in the iron for nails or screws. Sheehan paid $18 for a dozen of these—$1 50 each. They are worth twelve cents each. Some newspapers, in a spirit of raillery, called Sheehan, after that, "Skeg-iron John." The pieces of iron were skeg-irons to be used on a boat's keel. Some of the other purchases were almost as extraordinary. For a gallon of muriatic acid 692 per cent. was paid over the market price; for some rubber bands the increase was 610 per cent.; for binding some "morning returns," 666 per cent.; for some "oath books," 800 per cent.; for some "character blanks," 779 per cent., and so on.

Of course Sheehan got into a terrible rage. He said something about lies and he called names. Everything had been regular. Some of those purchases had been of trifling quantities. Did not he have vouchers? There you are! Those vouchers you see! Then W. P. Mitchell stepped up to take a hand in the fuss. He used to be a Tammany Excise Commissioner. Later he had sold Mr. Sheehan and associates 20,000 envelopes for $118. A fair price for them would have been $47. He offered to give $500 to charity if the Commissioners of Accounts could purchase these envelopes for $47. They named the place where they could be bought, and then Mitchell said that a joint commission ought to name the place, and no charity got that $500. Sheehan's assertions proved a boomerang, for when the present Police Commissioners let their contracts for the year they let them at prices even lower than those which the Commissioners of Accounts said would be a fair price, and in some instances the successful bidders were the very men to whom Sheehan had paid the enormous prices.

SHAMEFUL DOCK DEPARTMENT CORRUPTION.

The discoveries made in the overhauling of the Dock Department were astounding. It would require a book to go into them in detail. The public hearings by the Commissioners of Accounts showed the extent and depravity of Tammany's methods as they have not been revealed since the days of Tweed. The investigation showed these things: Contracts were not given to the lowest bidders, but to favorites of Tammany. In one case the city lost $4238 in this way. The timbers used in piers were frequently defective in size and quality. Timbers rejected for one pier were sent to another and used. No rent was collected for a large quantity of land occupied by those who presumably had a "pull." In one case a pier was rented for $20,000 and then sublet for $38,000. The city now gets the full $38,000 for that pier. In another case there was testimony that the rent of an ocean-line steamship pier was raised $15,000 a year because the managers of the line refused to pay $5000 a year blackmail. The people were astounded to hear that acids were used with the knowledge of the Tammany commissioners to make changes on the records of the office when contracts were revoked and given at higher prices to Tammany's followers.

Then came some sensational revelations about the commissioners themselves and their real methods of conducting business. A contractor testified that James J. Phelan, one of the commissioners, had demanded $3450 for approving his bill, saying: "Come to business like a man. Do you think I'm here for fun?" It is only just to Mr. Phelan to say that he denied this vehemently, and the matter is simply a question of veracity between man and man.

Finally, J. Sergeant Cram, son of a respected father, and himself regarded as an example of a scholar in politics—a man whose affiliations with Tammany gave it a tone of respectability—was called to testify as to his doings as a Dock Commissioner. He answered a few questions perfunctorily, and then yawned, and said, in a nonchalant way, to Commissioner-of-Accounts Seth Sprágue Terry, who was examining him: "By-the-way, sir, I don't know your name. What is it?"

Mr. Cram ceased to yawn after that day when Dock Department matters were mentioned, and he knows Mr. Terry's name in full now. The tax-payers also know more about Mr. Cram than they did before. He will not be forgotten in a hurry. It was while he was being examined that the minutes of the Dock Commissioners in secret session were read. They revealed the actual Tammany. The game was to see how money could be gotten out of the city treasury for Tammany heelers with the least possible equivalent. The commissioners talked freely. This and that man was appointed "for Croker." Phelan said that hereafter certain applicants "must have a letter from Scannell," the Tammany leader commonly referred to as "the murderer." One employé was said to be the "most useless whelp on the water front." This man was found in policy shops most of the time, and the engineer said that Cram had "kept him here." One employé was referred to as "fonder of rum than anything else," and the minutes showed that Mr. Cram made this jocular remark:

"That shows good taste; shows he is a gentleman by instinct."

And so these minutes went. It was one long story of "pull," "pull," "pull," of waste of the city's money, of politics rather than care for the city's interests. Cram was badly used up in trying to explain away this record. White was called later, and he couldn't be "phazed." He owned up that he got his share of the patronage, and said that when he edited the minutes of the board "nothing jocular got in." Later, when Phelan testified, he adopted typical Tammany methods. He called names. He said reformers were "hypocrites," that the questions asked of him were "disgusting," that the inquiries as to the use of acids on the department's books were "chestnuts," and that the revelations in those secret minutes were mere "pleasantries."

Croker got into a terrible rage over the insinuations that were made at the time, and was quoted as saying that Grady would introduce a *Whipping-Post Bill* at Albany during the winter to punish editors who uttered shocking slanders about such saints as he and his followers. Grady may have introduced the whipping-post bill, but if he did, knowledge of the fact has not come to general notice.

Then came the revelations about the Rikers Island job. The sum of $142,157 88 was thrown away in making some useless crib-work on that island to make a place to dump ashes and garbage in winter. Even Phelan was quoted as saying that the project "was a job from the beginning," and that to do the work properly would have cost the city a million dollars. The foundation of the crib was placed on soft mud, and there the work remains to-day, a monument of Tammany rottenness. Scores of instances of practical corruption must be omitted in a review such as this, but it may be mentioned in closing this part of the subject that an accountant who went over the books of the Dock Department testified that in ten years the commissioners had overpaid for material $335,067 70. In 1891 they overpaid $23,755 05; in 1892, $45,911 97; in 1893, $28,673 90; in 1894, $71,198 26.

BLACKMAIL IN THE BUILDING DEPARTMENT.

A shocking state of affairs was disclosed in the Building Department. When Mr. Constable took charge of the work there he found the department in a state of confusion. The records were in gross disorder. There was no system of storage of plans. In scores of instances buildings were begun before the plans were filed. The office was run by and for politics chiefly.

Public inquiry into the former methods of the office began on November 19th last, and continued from time to time until February of the present year. It was one long story of corruption, inefficiency, and politics. Builder after builder testified as to payments to the inspectors for this and that corrupt practice. Repeatedly work was stopped until blackmail was paid. One man in particular had his plans rejected twice, but after he paid one of the Building Department officials $750 to "revise" them as an expert, they went through in a jiffy. In some cases the inspectors suggested violations of the law. Superintendent Constable, of the department, testified toward the end of the investigation that he had found that theatres had been licensed without inspection, that there had been little examination of fire-escapes in buildings, that wood floors in many cases had been placed under ranges and in fire-places, and that the employés of the department spent a large part of their time in saloons.

These have been the chief revelations of the examinations by the Commissioners of Accounts into Tammany's management of New York city affairs. There have been some minor disclosures, such as the fact that $30,000 was paid for cleaning public buildings, when $15 000 would have been a fair price for the same. There was some testimony as to raised checks and forgeries in the Public Administrator's office, and also some testimony as to waste of public money for the grading of 168th Street.

Many departments have not been touched yet, and it is probable that there will be revelations as astonishing in some of these as those revealed during last fall and winter. The Park Department will probably be a rich field. The Commissioners of Accounts under Tammany régime usually made use of their office to give a certificate of good character in their regular reports to the Tammany office-holders. They practically did nothing but look over some footings and then testify "to the efficiency" of this and that office-holder. It was a "soft" place. The present commissioners have had to hire detectives, accountants, and experts in their search through Tammany's book-keeping. They found that some of the departments had not been examined carefully for twenty years. Hereafter we shall know how to watch Tammany.

Meanwhile there seems to be one lesson in all this which Mr. Platt and other spoilsmen would do well to note—that is, that corruption and spoils politics go hand in hand inevitably. They love especially to wander together in the rich pasturage of municipal contracts, plentifully watered by copious streams from city treasuries.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CLEFT IN THE ROCK.

"LET us go in nearer to the land," said the Dominie; "'tis the sole chance that remains to us."

So, seizing each of us an oar, the sea being perfectly calm, and the tide lapsing as smoothly upon the cliffs as the water in a tub wherein goodwives wash their duds, we risked the matter and rowed in closer to the rock. We sought if there might be found some inlet or cave which might conceal us from the cruel men who were seeking our lives.

Nor was our adventuring in vain. For as we cautiously advanced into the blackness the wall of the cliff seemed to retire before us, so that the prow of the boat actually appeared to push it steadily back. A denser darkness, a night of Egypt, surrounded us. The noise of the pursuers sank and died away. We lost sight of the gray, uneasy plain of the sea behind us, and continued to advance through a long water passage walled with rock, the sides of which at times we could sometimes feel with our hands and sometimes fail to touch with our oars. This I took at the time to be a marvellous dispensation of Providence on our behalf, as without doubt it was. But now we know that all that country, owing to the abundance of soft stone by the sea-side, is honeycombed with caves, so that it was wellnigh impossible to miss one of these in every half-mile of cliff all about the Heads of Benerard. Yet that we should strike this one of all others was a thing worthy of admiration, as presently you shall hear, and showed the same dispensing and favorable Providence which has throughout been on the side of Culzean and against our enemies.

Marjorie and Nell still sat together in the stern, but so dense was the dark that we could see nothing of them. The Dominie and I took our oars from the rollicks and pushed onward into the cave, hoping to come in time to some wider place, where we could either disembark or find a passage out upon the land above us.

And so presently we came to a place wonderful enough in itself, and the gateway to yet other and greater marvels.

The waves, which had scarcely been visible out on the open sea, ran into the cave at regular intervals, and in the narrow places formed themselves into a considerable swell of water. Before us we could hear them break with a noise like thunder upon some hidden strand or beach. This somewhat terrified us in that place of horrid darkness. For the noise was loud as is a waterfall in the time of spate, the echoing of the cave and the many contracted branches and wide halls deceiving the ear.

So our boat being poised upon the crest of one of these smooth steeps of water which rolled onward into the cave, we advanced swiftly into a part of the cave where the oar could be used without touching the rock at either side. The sounds now came back to us also from aloft, and we had the feeling of much air and a spacious vastness above us. Yet the imprisoning darkness, confused with the lashing of the waves, wrought a kind of invincible melancholy in all our spirits.

Presently, however, the prow of the boat took the slushy sand in a coign more retired, where the waves did not, as in other places, fall with an arching dash, but rather lapsed with a gentler wash upon a regular beach. Being in the bow, I lost no time in leaping ashore, and in a few moments I had the boat fast to a natural pier of rock, behind which the water was quiet as in a mill-pond.

Here in the darkness we helped each other out, and, feeling ourselves now somewhat more safe from our enemies, we shook one another by the hand and congratulated ourselves on our escape, which had indeed been marvellous. Even thus we waited for the day to reveal to us whether there was any passage by which we could ascend from the deeps of the Cimmerian pit where we were without adventuring out again in our boat upon the water where our enemies waited for us.

We drew close together upon the rocky pier, and Marjorie told us of her escape from the Auchendraynes, the tale of which shall hereafter be given in its own place. Also, she confirmed the message which she had sent to her sister, that she had discovered all the wickedness and certain guilt of the Muirs in the death of her father, and in many other crimes. So we saw before us in plain case their condemnation, if once we could escape from this snare and bring their iniquity to light before the King and the Council. Yet it was a marvel to me how Marjorie had so completely forgotten James Muir the younger, who was her wedded husband, even though she had never rendered to him the duty of a wife.

But we were by no means yet won out of the wood. And, at the best, our case was not a comfortable one. The Dominie and I provided Marjorie with such wrappings and covertures as were in our power, which we had brought with us from the isle. But we had to trust to the virtues of the strong waters of France, which the Dominie always carried about with him, as well as to the mildness of the night, that she should take no harm from her plunge into the salt water.

But it is certain that the perturbation of one's spirit at such a time is so great that many things pass without penalty to the health which at another time might induce disease and death.

Presently we found that our boat was being left high and dry, the water ebbing away from us towards the mouth of the cave. We had, as it happened, entered at the height of the tide, and now the water was upon the turn. But this affected us little. For we judged that either it would go so far that we might find a way of escape by clambering the rocks out upon the land, or else, at the worst, we knew that by waiting till the next tide we would be able to return the way we had come. At all events, for that time at least, we thought ourselves to have outwitted our pursuers and to stand no longer in their danger.

But we were briskly to learn another way of it; for the oftenest slip is made upon the threshold of safety.

Marjorie and Nell bore themselves with the greatest courage. Never had this come home to me so strongly before. For the maid's shamefacedness had wholly died out of Marjorie Kennedy, and now she seemed set with a fierce jealousy of hate to compass the punishment of her father's enemies.

The water being in this manner retired, and our boat lying high and dry upon a shelving beach, I proposed that the Dominie and I should make some exploration of the place where we found ourselves, while we left Nell and her sister by the boat to make such dispositions of their cleading as would countervale the discomfort of Marjorie's rescue from death.

So the Dominie and I felt with our hands all round a wide amphitheatre which had so lately been filled with the salt water. We had no difficulty in discovering the narrow passage up which we had come, down which the water was now retreating with great swiftness. But we seemed to be at the sack's end in every other way. So that we looked for nothing else but having to return to the same place and in the same way by which we came after our enemies had retired. So swiftly did the tide run back that it seemed as if it might be possible for us to walk out upon our own feet. And so indeed we did, but in a very strange fashion indeed.

For in one of my gropings I came upon a projection of the rock, which caught my feet and threw me forward upon my face. As I fell, my hands touched something like a flight of rough steps, which led up from the sanded floor of the cavern. Without waiting to call out to Dominie Muir, I mounted, and at the top I came into a narrower passage than any we had yet ventured, which led me forward a long way. As I went the air felt unaccountably drier and lighter. It smelled most like a well-fired room, dry and pleasant, so that I waited only to ascertain that the passage ended in another apartment before going back to communicate my discovery to Marjorie and Nell.

When I reached the boat I found that Marjorie had been made somewhat more comfortable, and that the Dominie on his part had discovered nothing, of which I was glad, for it became me to be the leader in our expedition. So I bade him take his weapons, and with what provender we had upon our backs we proceeded all together to the rocky stairway leading to the drier inner cave.

The Dominie had, as usual, brought his pipes over his shoulder, from which, indeed, he refused to be parted even for a moment. And but for the fear of the noise reaching our enemies, I think that there and then he would have played us both reels and strathspeys had we given him any encouragement, so pleased was he, and, indeed, all of us, to leave the dark cavern and oozy sand beach on which we had first landed.

I was not long in finding the stairs, and, as I had foretold, we found ourselves speedily in warmer and drier air, like that of a habited house, which was so great a change from the dripping damp of the lower sea-cave that we rejoiced greatly, yet were quite unable to discover the cause.

Yet there was something, we knew not what, about the place which took us all by the throat. Indeed, we had not gone far when Marjorie Kennedy gasped for breath, and said: "Let us go back! I do not like the place!"

But this I took to be no more than the dashing of her spirit by the adventures of the night, and the terrors through which, as she told us, she had come in the dreary and dangerous house of Auchendrayne.

For the passage broadened out into a wider place, with a firm floor of hard earth, as if it had been beaten or trampled. We had hardly been in this place longer than a few moments when a pervading smell took us by the throat. It was sharp, pungent, and familiar. Yet could none of us tell whence it came, or in what place we had smelled it before.

"I am faint unto death," said Marjorie, leaning heavily on me; "let me go back, Launcelot, while I can."

But this, for the sake of the dryness and comfort, I was not willing to do. So, stumbling now on one thing and now on another in the darkness, I made shift to find a further passage.

I set down my hand when my foot struck something, and, to my horror, I touched the side of a wooden tub or vat. And scarce had I moved from the place where I was before something cold and soft brushed my face, as if it had been suspended from the roof. My heart trembled, for we were plainly in a place of habitation of some sort.

"Stand still where you are," I cried to my companions; for I was afraid that they might come against one of these obstructions, which were good evidence of others having been in this abode of horror and darkness as well as ourselves.

But I set to the groping again, and went stumbling from one thing to another, till I came to a branching which led away from the hall. But here (so far as I could find) there were none of the vats or other furniture which I had encountered about the sides of the greater cave.

I made my way back to where they were all standing close together, and I pinched the Dominie's arm in token that he was to ask no questions. So, very slowly and stealthily, we felt our way to the little alcove which I had found. And as often as I stumbled against anything I pretended to clatter some of the stuff which I carried upon my back, having laden myself with it at the boat. And so passed the matter off.

At last we came to the alcove which was my latest discovery, and felt the rock cut, as it had been, into seats all round about, while the path ascended upwards at the back higher into the stone. By which I judged that we had not yet come to the end of the cave. Here in the high alcove above the main cave we accommodated our belongings as well as we could for the darkness. The Dominie set himself to arrange them, while Nell and Marjorie lay covered up together in our plaids upon the stone bench which ran about the place, and which appeared to have been hewn out at some past time by the art of man. But I myself, to whom it came as natural to be stirring as to breathe, set about making a further exploration.

But my disappointment was great when I found that we had indeed come to the limit of the cavern. Search which way I would, my hands encountered nothing but rock. Nevertheless, I continued my circuit, standing upon the stone ledge and groping above, for it was possible that there might be some fresh passage which from this alcove might lead to the outer air.

Suddenly, and without warning, my hand fell upon something which felt colder than the stone. I touched metal—the projection of a key-hole, the iron corners of a chest. I ran my hand along the pattern of the metal bands which bound the lid. What wonder that my heart beat vehemently, for I knew that I had my hand upon the Treasure of Kelwood!

CHAPTER XL.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

FOR a moment in the darkness I stood dazed and my head swam. For I bethought me of the Earl's words, and I knew that my fate stood upon tiptoe. For here in the finding of this box lay all my life, and it might be my love also. But again another thought crossed the first, damming back and freezing the current of hot blood which surged to my heart. The caird's words in the Grieve's kitchen came to me—"You will find the Treasure of Kelwood in the cave of Sawny Bean, in the head of Benanback over against Benerard."

If this were to be, there was little doubt that we stood in instant and imminent danger of our lives. Yet I could not bring myself to leave the treasure. Doubtless I ought to have done so, and hastened our escape for the sake of the girls. But I thought it might be possible to convey the chest out, and so bring both our quests to an end at once—that for the treasure by the recovery of the box which had been lost and found and lost upon the Red Moss, and that of vengeance by the certain condemnation of the Auchendraynes upon Marjorie's evidence.

The next moment great fear took hold on me. All that I had heard since my childhood about the unknown who dwelled upon the shore-side, and lived no man knew how, ran through my mind—his monstrous form, his cloven feet that made steads on the ground like those of a beast, his huge hairy arms, clawed at the finger-ends like the claws of a bear. I minded me of the fireside tales of the travellers who had lost their way in that fastness, and who, falling into the power of his savage tribe, returned no more to kindlier places. I minded also how none might speak to the prowler by night or get answer from him; how every expedition against him had come to naught, because that he was protected by a power stronger, warned and advised by an intelligence higher, than his own. Besides, none had been able to find the abode or enter into the secret defences where lurked the Man-beast of Benerard.

And it was in this abode of Death that I, Launce Kennedy, being, as I supposed, in my sane mind, had taken refuge with two women, one the dearest to me on earth. The blood ran pingling and pricking in my veins. My heart cords tightened as though it had been shut in a box and the key turned.

Hastily I slipped down, and upon a pretext took the Dominie aside to tell him what it was that I had found.

"Ye have found our dead-warrant, then. I wish we had never seen your treasures and banded boxes!" said he. roughly, as if I had done it with intent.

And, in troth, I began to think he was right. But it was none of my fault, and we had been just as badly off in that place if I had not found it.

After that I went ranging hither and thither among all the passages and twinings of the cave, yet never daring to go very far from the place where we were, lest I should not be able to find my way back. For it was an ill place, where, every step that I took, something strange swept across my face or slithered clammily along my cheek, making one grue to his bone marrows. I am as fond of a nimble fetch of adventures as any man, as every believing reader of this chronicle kens well by this time. But I want no more such experiences. Specially now that I am become a peaceable man, and no longer so regardlessly forward as I was in thrusting myself into all stirs and quarrels up to the elbows.

Then in a little I went soft-footed to where Marjorie and Nell had bestowed themselves. When I told them how we had run into danger with a folly and senselessness which nothing could have excused save the great necessity into which, by the hellish fury of our enemies, we had been driven, it was cheerful to hear their words of trust, and their declaration that they could abide the issue with fortitude.

So we made such preparations as we could—as preparing our pistols and loosening our swords. Yet all had to be done by touch in that abode of darkness and black un-Christian deeds.

It was silent and eery in the cave. We heard the water lapping further and further from us as it retreated down the long passage. Now and then we seemed to catch a gliff of the noise of human voices. But again, when we listened, it was naught but the wind blowing every way through the passages and halls of the cave, or the echo of the wing-beatings of uncanny things that battened in the roofs and crevices of the murtherous cavern where we abode, unfathomed, unsounded, and obscure.

But we had not long to wait ere our courage and resolution were tested to the uttermost. For presently there came to us, clearly though faintly at first, the crying and baying of voices, fearful and threatening. Yet more like the insensate howling of dogs or shut-up hounds in a kennel than human creatures. Then there was empty silence, through which again the noise came in gusts like the sudden deadly anger of a mob; again more sharp and edged with fear, like the wailing of women led to their unpitied doom. And the sound of this inhuman carnival, approaching, filled the cave.

The direful crying came nearer and nearer, till we all cowered palefaced together, save Marjorie alone—who, having been as it were in hell itself, feared not the most merciless fiends that had broken loose therefrom. She stood a little apart from us, so far that I had not known her presence but for the draught of air that blew inward, which carried her light robe towards me, so that its texture touched my face, and I was aware of the old subtle fragrance which in happy days had turned my head in the gardens of Culzean.

But Nell Kennedy stood close to me—so close that I could hear her heart beating and the little sound of the clasping and the unclasping of her hands. Which made me somewhat braver, especially when she put both her hands about my arm and gripped convulsively to me, as the noises of the crying and howling waxed louder and nearer.

"I am vexed that I flouted you, Launce!" she whispered in my ear. "I do not care what you said to Kate Allison. After all, she is not such a truth-telling girl, nor yet very by-ordinary bonny."

I whispered to her that I cared not either, and that I was content to die for her.

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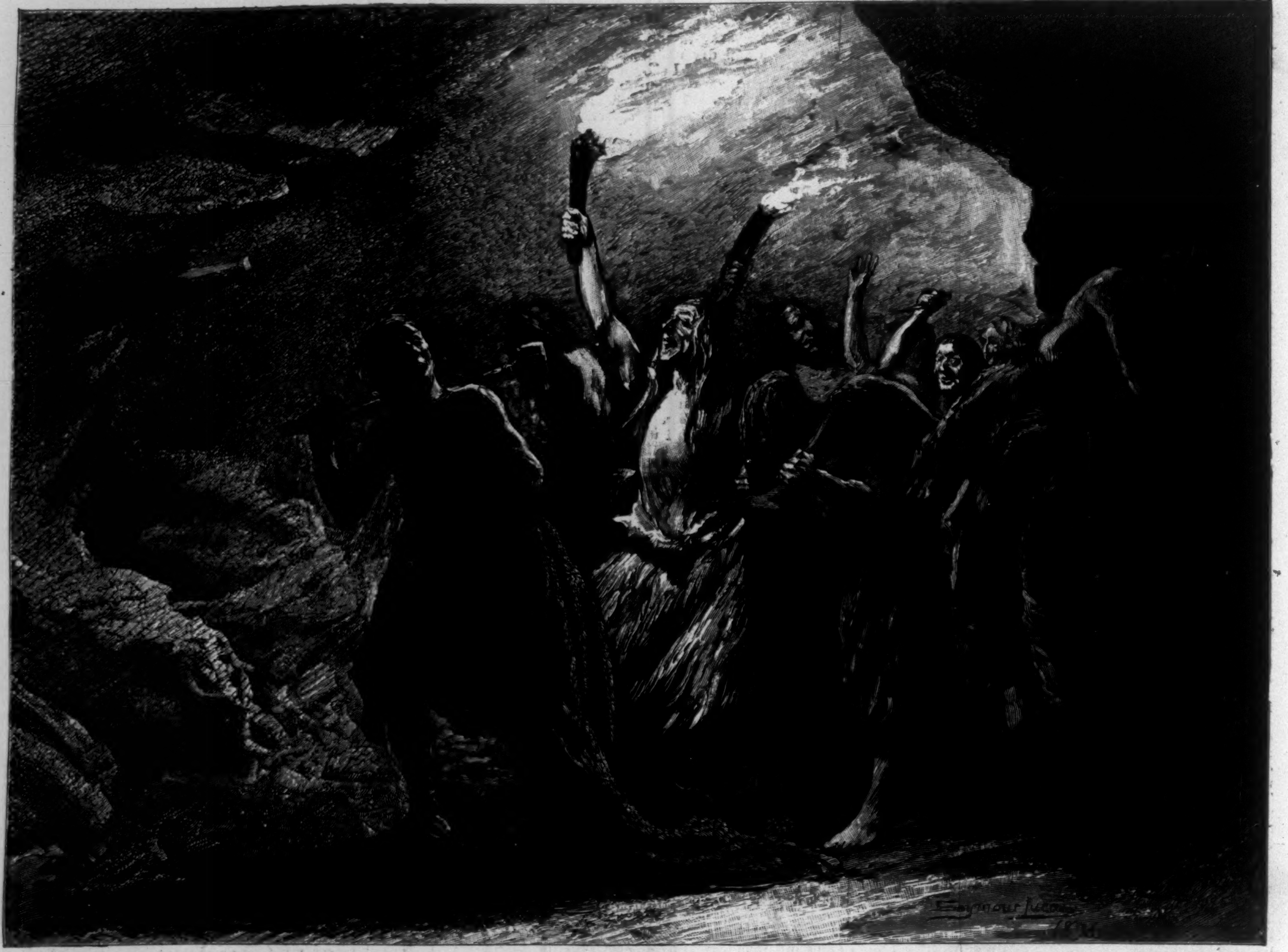


"SUDDENLY THE MURKY DARK WAS SHOT THROUGH WITH BEAMS OF LIGHT, AND A ROUT OF SAVAGES, WILD AND BLOODY, FILLED THE WIDE CAVE."

"Oh, but you might have lived for me," she moaned, "if I had not led you into all this trouble."

"Nay, Nell, my dear," said I, hastily, "speak not so. You have ever been our savior and our good fortune hitherto, and so shall be yet."

So in the darkness of the cave we kissed each other once or twice, amorously and willingly, and the savor of it was passing sweet even when we looked for naught but death.

"Give me a dagger," Nell said to me. And I gave mine own to her, which she put away in her bosom, as I judged, and again took my hand.

Then the horrid brabblement filled all the cave, and sounded louder and more outrageous, being heard in the darkness. Suddenly, however, the murky dark was shot through with beams of light, and a rout of savages, wild and bloody, filled the wide cave beneath us. Some of them carried rude torches, and others had various sorts of back burdens, which they cast down in the corners. I got a gliff of one of these, and though in battle I had often seen things grim and butcherly, my heart sprang to my mouth, so that I had wellnigh fainted. But I commanded myself, and thrust me before Nell, who from where she sat could only see the skarrow of the torches upon the roof and walls. For the place seemed now, after the darkness of Egypt, fairly bursting with light.

Then I knew that these execrable hell-hounds were the hideous crew who called Sawny Bean lord and master. They were of both sexes and all ages, mostly running naked, the more stalwart of them armed with knives and whingers, or with knotted pieces of tree in which a ragged stone had been thrust, and tied with sinew or tags of rope. The very tottering children were striking at one another, or biting like young wolves, till the blood flowed. In the corner sat an old bleared hag, who seemed of some authority over them, for she pointed with her finger, and the uproar calmed itself a little. The shameless women crew began to bestir themselves, and heaped broken drift-wood upon the floor, to which presently a light was set.

Then the red climbing flame went upward. The smoke filled the cave, acrid and trickling, which, getting into our throats, might have been to our infinite danger, had it not been that the clamor of the savages was so great that it never stilled for a moment. But in time we got accustomed to the reek, and it disturbed us not.

More by luck than good guiding, the place where we sat was, as I have said, favorably situate for seeing without being seen, being a kind of natural balcony or chamber in the wall, like a swallow's nest plastered under the eaves of a barn. We learned afterwards that it was a place forbidden by Sawny Bean, the head of the clan, and so kept sacred for himself when it should please him to retire thither with whomsoever he would of his crew. And to this, no doubt, we owed our safety. For the young impish boys roamed everywhere else, specially swarming and yelling about our boat, which they had just discovered. I noted, also, that when any of these came in the way of the men, he was knocked down incontinent with a hand, a knife, or a stick, as was most convenient. Sometimes the lad would lie a minute or two where he had been struck. Then up again and to the playing and disport as he fell, as though nothing had happened.

All this was horrid enough, but that was not the worst of it. And I own that I hesitate to tell that which I saw. Yet, for the sake of the truth, tell I must and will. The cavern was very high in the midst, but at the sides not so high—rather like the sloping roof of an attic which slopes quickly down from the roof-tree. But that which took my eye amid the smoke were certain vague shapes as it had been of the limbs of human beings, shrunk and blackened, which hung in rows on either side of the cave. At first it seemed that my eyes must certainly deceive me, for the reek drifted hither and thither, and made the rheum flow from them with its bitterness. But after a little study of these wall adornments I could make no other of it than that these poor relics, which hung in rows like hams and black-puddings set to dry in the smoke, were indeed the dried arms and legs of men and women who had once walked the upper earth, but had fallen into the power of this hideous, inconceivable gang of monstrous man-eaters. Then the true interpretation of all the tales that went floating about the country-side, and which I had hitherto deemed vain and phantastical, burst in upon me.

And there was that nearer to me which smote me down like a hand taking me unawares. For, as I stood up to look, gripping nervously my sword and peering over, there came a gust off the sea roaring up the passages—for with the moon the wind had risen. The fire on the floor flickered upward and filled the place with light. I felt something touch my cheek. Speedily I turned, and, lo! it was a little babe's hand that swung by a cord. The wind had caught it, so light it was, and it had rubbed my cheek. It was enough and more than enough. I sank down, and the spirit within me was gone, because of that soft, sliding little hand. Had they come on to me then, I declare I had not found power to lift my hand against them, or so much as set a finger to a pistol.

But in a little while I was strengthened. For now, as though I had never truly seen her before, I saw the face of Nell Kennedy. And it is passing sweet, even in the presence of death, to see the eyes of the beloved for the first time after declared and unashamed love has come into them. She never took her sad, steadfast regard from my face, and, as I say, I was infinitely strengthened thereby.

I could also see Marjorie Kennedy. And since she stood erect, I knew that she had seen all the blasting horrors I had witnessed, except, perhaps, the babe's hand aswing by its cord. Yet there was no blanching in her face. Rather she stood and eyed the scene with a calm and assured countenance, like a stake-kissing martyr ere the flames are lit.

If ever any one had cast out fear it was Marjorie Kennedy. For unfathomed hate can do that as well as perfect love—and especially in a woman.

But when my eyes fell on Dominie Muir I got a greater start. The little thick-set man who had been my brave companion seemed to be transformed. A still and biting fury sat inexorably on his lips. He gripped his blade as if he would spring over the wall of rock upon the bestial crew. So afraid was I to look upon him and read his intent in his burning eyes that I undid for a moment the clasp of Nell's hand upon my shoulder and crawled to him.

"Have a care what you do, Dominie," I whispered in his ear. "Remember, it is of the women we have to think."

For as clearly as if I had read it in type, I saw his desire and his determination. He thought of young Mary Torrance, the lass that had been spirited away. And the red stain on the grass and the ghastly garniture about the walls of the Monster's cave had told him the rest.

But my words stopped him dead, like a bullet in the heart of a springing wild cat on the bough. He looked once at me, and his eyes had the same wild glare. But there came that into them which told me of a thought beyond the revenge on which he had been all intent but a few moments before.

I bent still nearer to his ear.

"Dominie," I said, "if they find us, mind that we are not to leave the lasses alive to fall into their hands."

He looked at me with a haggard face and shook his head.

"I cannot do it!" he said, and set his hands over his face to hide the torches' flare.

When he looked up again I pointed with my eyes to the loathed things that decked the walls in the eaves of the cave, and to the pickle-barrels that stood in the corners.

The Dominie understood and nodded.

"Surely you can if I can," I whispered to him. "I will take care of Nell—my love—if you—"

And I looked at Marjorie, so that he understood fully.

Then came my eyes back to Nell; they were hot and dry. For I was taken with the reek in them, and my heart rose within me to think that I might have to take the sweet life from my heart's love. But when I went back to her there was a new light of understanding in the face, on which the flicker of the fire was reflected from the roof. I knew that she had seen and understood the import of my colloquy with the Dominie, and our looking from the one to the other of them.

Yet the fear had strangely gone from her face. I declare she looked almost glad. She set her lips to my ear.

"Launce," she whispered, "I want none but you to do it if it comes to that. You will, will you not, Launce?"

And I knew that she had understood that which she had seen in my face, for, indeed, I would rather have killed my dear love a hundred times than let her fall alive into the hands of such a ghastly, bestial crew.

So Nell Kennedy, trusting me with the manner of her death as though it had been a little love-tryst between ourselves, sat looking up at me with such eyes of love and trust that they went nigh to make me forget the Cimmerian den and the beasts that rioted in it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMATEVR-SPORT

THERE IS NO EVIL, just at the moment, to the correction of which sportsmen can address themselves with such good purpose as the "scorching" bicyclist.

The safety of pedestrians, and the pleasure of the large class that rides the wheel but does not "scorch," demand the suppression of this pestilent promoter of bicycling ills. Bent monkey fashion over the low handle-bars, and chewing gum, as is customary with his kind, the "scorcher" speeds through the streets and along the Park driveways reckless of consequence and indifferent to every one's cheer save his own.

The addition of a few cowboys to our mounted police, or the training of the present force in the skilled use of the lariat, would be one effective means of bringing the "scorcher" to earth. But the most effective of all is the full rigor of the law, applied invariably and relentlessly. And the full rigor of the present law does not satisfy the need of the hour.

THE FIVE-DOLLAR FINE which magistrates have been more generally imposing is not a fitting punishment to the crime. It merely supplies an exhilarating hazard to the danger of the racing. Last week a "scorcher" was tried in the Court of Special Sessions in New York city and fined fifty dollars. It is not likely that that "scorcher" will "scorch" again on the city's thoroughfares. The sport of bicycling is in danger of falling into disrepute unless these offenders are punished with more severity.

The League of American Wheelmen can use its influence for much good in this direction by unifying clubs in some specific legislation against this "scorching" pest. Many bicycle clubs send forth nightly "scorching" parties, made up of men training for road and track races, which speed through the parks three and even four abreast or in single file, and along the public roads at a high pace, and with absolute disregard for pedestrians.

AND THERE IS ANOTHER SIDE of this question of right of way, in which the bicyclist has need of legal protection—not the "scorchers," for the more of them that are run down the better for mankind generally, but the bicyclists of both sexes that ride for recreation.

The extraordinary increase of bicycles in the streets of our cities has crowded many of them at certain hours, and on all of them made accidents of more or less frequency and seriousness because of the confused ideas held on the rule of the road by pedestrians and bicyclists and drivers.

I speak of honest confusion resulting from ignorance and inexperience. For the accidents that result through reckless "scorching" by bicyclists, and malicious crowding to the gutters or heading off at street corners by drivers, there is no fitting place for discussion outside the criminal court. As a bicycle rider on the most crowded streets of a city where travel is more congested than in any other city in the world, it has been my experience that the most reckless of others' rights or safety are the drivers of express, brewery, shop delivery wagons, and scorching bicyclists, the last the most wanton of them all. And of all the victims, the pedestrian, who should suffer least, in point of fact suffers most. What with drivers and bicyclists, he who successfully crosses a New York thoroughfare must have a clear head and a keen eye. "Scorchers" whiz around corners without warning, and four-wheeled vehicles bear down upon him without care.

THE BICYCLE HAS PASSED beyond being regarded as a mere instrument of recreation. It has become a factor in our industrial life. Clerks ride to their desks, mechanics to their work; shops use it for delivering small parcels; just recently a corps of messenger-boys has been organized. And the end is not yet. All this means that the bicycle must be taken into consideration in making rules of the road, most emphatically in our cities. Here in New York the existing municipal ordinances by no means meet the requirements. The responsibilities of pedestrian, driver, and bicyclist should be more clearly defined. Above all else our municipal and park police should be carefully instructed in their duties. There are many exigencies to which a law might not strictly apply, and yet which a competent policeman on the ground could meet satisfactorily. There should be regulations to the effect:

1. That drivers and bicyclists must keep to the right.
2. That the one on the right side has the right of way over one approaching on his own left. This is sadly and often viciously disregarded, with serious results by drivers of wagons and cabs.
3. That an overtaking bicyclist must invariably sound his bell on approaching, and pass invariably on the left side of the vehicle or bicycle so overtaken.
4. That bicyclists must never ride more than two abreast.
5. That where the road permits of it drivers and bicyclists must invariably leave sufficient space on their left for an overtaking vehicle to pass and yet not infringe on the rights of an approaching vehicle.
6. That a bicyclist must sound his bell at all crossings and on rounding all corners.
7. That bicyclists and drivers must slow down to a four-mile-an-hour gait—(which is about a "dog-trot") at all crossings and around all corners.
8. That bicyclists and drivers must never go faster than eight miles an hour.
9. That the pedestrian invariably has the right of way on crossings.
10. That as between drivers and bicyclists on all occasions arising not provided for in the above regulations—the bicyclist has the right of way.
11. That policemen are authorized to arrest any bicyclist or driver not making his way cautiously where a crowd or any other occasion arises, making cautious procedure needful to the safety of other travellers.
12. That the fine of a bicyclist on all offences be ten per cent. more than that of a driver.
13. That in the case of drivers, in addition to the individual offender's fine, a fine be levied also against the employer of the offending driver.

LET US HAVE A FEW REGULATIONS of this kind spread on the city ordinances, and pedestrians may walk abroad in comfort, and we shall read less of painful accidents which come about because of "scorching" bicyclists and reckless drivers. Meanwhile the League of American Wheelmen, which has done so much for good roads, has an opportunity of doing a great deal for those who ride for sport rather than for records.

THE QUESTION OF BRAKES is one which I am half inclined to believe should be answered by the city ordinances. To insist on every bicycle being provided with a brake—as now, after sunset, it must carry a lantern—would greatly facilitate the work of policemen and unquestionably lessen the number of collisions. Such a provision would no doubt be strenuously opposed by a large number of bicyclists, and many of us that ride with regard to the rules of the road might accept it with regret, but in very truth compulsory brake-carrying would bring greatest good to the largest number.

SO COMPARATIVELY FEW BICYCLISTS have consideration enough or sense enough to keep their machines under control on crossings, around corners and sharp curves, and down hills that a proclamation for the restitution of the brake would meet with sympathetic accord even from those that have no need of its restraining influence.

I have seen so many accidents in this and other cities, due directly to the absence of a brake, that I believe it really one of the most important essentials to the safety and peace of mind of bicyclists and pedestrians.

Apropos of wheeling in other cities, it is a fact that the roads of our much-vaunted Central Park are in poorer condition than the roads of any other city park on which I have ridden. This may be accounted for by the daily flooding (as distinguished from sprinkling) to which the Central Park drives are subjected, and to the want of proper rolling. The water in running off the road-bed makes numberless aggressive little gullies, which the small rollers at présent in use do not smooth out. I commend especially the inside curves of the Park drives to those bicyclists suffering from a torpid liver. Perhaps the Park Commissioners wheel for their health.

THERE ARE TWO IMPORTANT questions of bicycle-racing which seem, this season more than any other, to bear with especial significance on the ethical side of the sport—one relating to the recognition given race-meet "promoters"; the other, to special pace-making in races. There is nothing new in these two matters; they have been familiar adjuncts to bicycle-racing since bicycle-racing first began. Their new and particular coloring to this year's racing comes because it is in this year the League of American Wheelmen has freed itself from the unhealthful duplicity of Class B, and given us to believe that amateur racing will be all that its name implies.

A "promoter" has no place in amateur sport. He belongs distinctly to professional "sporting" enterprise. The pace-maker is not tolerated even on the horse-race tracks, or on professional tracks of any kind. Certainly he is an offence on an amateur track. Pace-making should be abolished, and some system of time limits inaugurated.

As for the "promoter," if the L. A. W. keeps its faith with us, his day has passed. No race meet should be recognized that is not given by a *bona fide* club or other organization devoted to amateur sport.

JUDGED BY THE NUMBER OF HORSE SHOWS being held in the country, it would seem the bicycle had not, after all, lessened interest in really good horseflesh. In truth, the past three years that have recorded the astonishing popularity of the wheel, have likewise signalized the increase of horse shows in town and country, where certainly in many instances they have become regular fixtures, whereas once they had been novelties.

And every one of them has brought out full entries and good quality. Here again the West illustrates the spreading sporting spirit and keeps abreast of the East.

Very recently a three-days show was held at Detroit by the Riding Club (which in membership corresponds to our N. Y. Riding Club), that brought out an admirable lot of saddle-horses and roadsters, besides some very good individuals in the other classes.

The Canadian show at Toronto, where one can always count on seeing good horses, was especially successful, particularly for the few owners from this side the line who exhibited.

The Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club's show was the most successful it has yet given. Hitherto it has been rather local; this year an effort was made to get outside entries, and the interest increased proportionately. The classes were small, but the quality good. The carriage-horses were excellent, and the saddle-horses very fair.

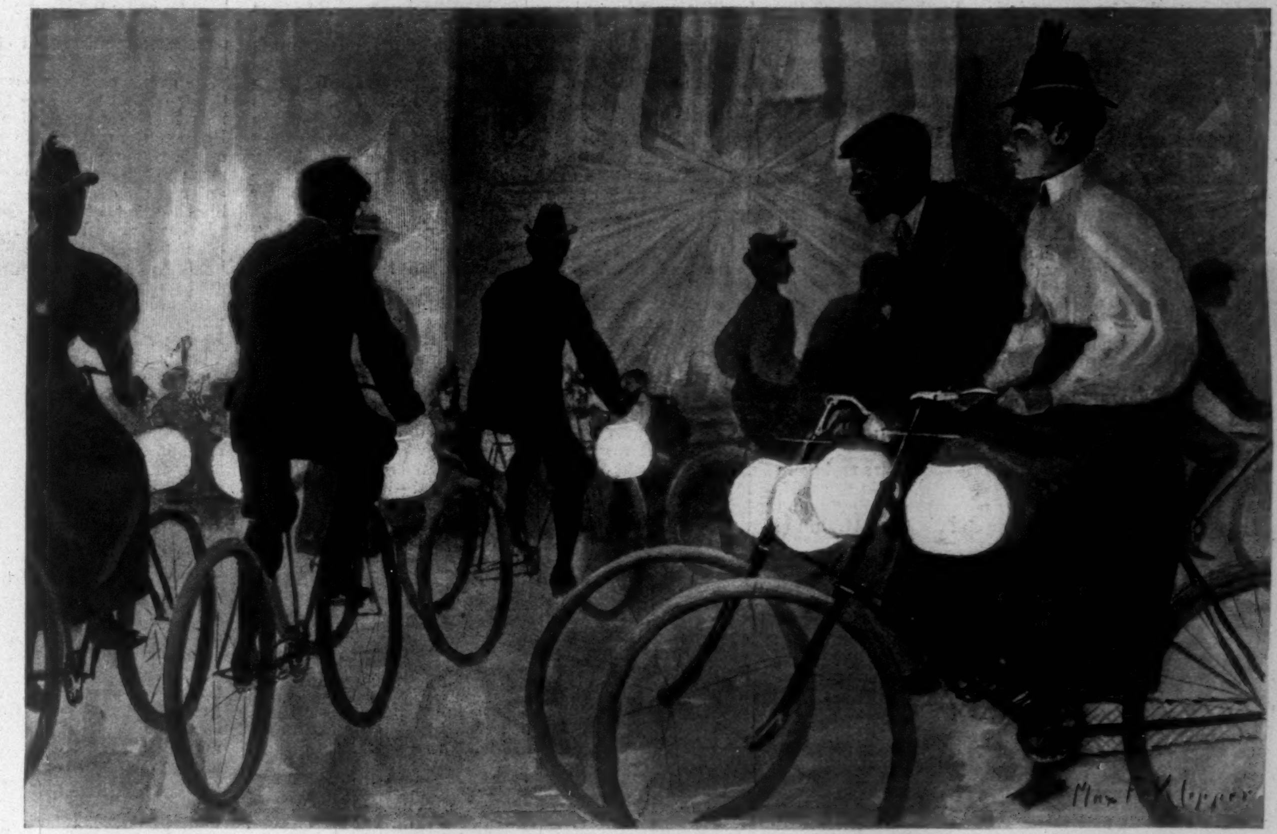
BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT of the spring shows was that held at Boston, which was a great success from every point of view save that of local pride. New-Yorkers managed it, and exhibitors from New York took a large share of the prizes. One of the most interesting events was the exhibition of draught-horses.

There ought to be in American horse shows more classes of this kind—classes for the working-horses. If some pains were taken a few months before the show opened to arouse an interest among the owners of such horses, and to assure them of fair and competent judging, no doubt abundant entries could be obtained. If the horse show could be extended somewhat in this and in the genuine roadster direction, and curtailed a little in the high-stepping classes, it would become a far greater benefit to the community and to horseflesh in general.

A SLIGHT NEW ENGLAND FLAVOR was given the show by the exhibition of a few good Morgans, notably Ben Franklin, a large chestnut stallion, and Dick Cleveland, a dark brown horse, who stands 15.3, and weighs nearly 1100 pounds. Dick Cleveland is an in-bred Lambert. He attracted very little attention, and yet he is a typical representative of the most valuable, most useful breed of horses ever raised in this country. He has a short back, arched neck, noble head, and is altogether a round-built picturesque horse, not of the trotting type, nor of the hunter type, but such a horse as an artist would pick out, and such a one as a man would choose if he wanted to drive forty or fifty miles over the country roads.

There should be a separate class for roadster stallions; and if prizes were offered in Boston for a few classes of Morgan horses, they would probably call out an interesting exhibition. Such prizes were offered in New York, and the entries were very few, but in Boston the result would doubtless be different, for there are a large number of Morgan horses within easy reach of that city.

IT IS AN INTERESTING though not a surprising fact that the showy high-steppers are largely of Morgan descent, so far as their pedigrees can be ascertained. The value of the Morgan cross for high-steppers lies not only in the



CLOSING THE IN-DOOR BICYCLE SEASON—A CLUB LANTERN RIDE.

conformation and good temper of this breed, but also in the gait. A Morgan high-stepper has that round action of the fore legs which is far more graceful, and far more successful in getting over the ground, than is the up-and-down style of the hackney high-stepper.

The judging in the harness, hunter, and saddle horse classes was, as a rule, very good. One of the most attractive hunters shown was Mr. Bryce Allan's Intuition, a Boston horse.

The exhibition of long-tailed saddle-horses was particularly good. The judging of the trotter and roadster classes was not quite satisfactory; and this is a pity, because the trotting-horse men are inclined to look askance upon horse shows, and they have a natural and proper feeling against the cruel practice of docking. The classes for roadsters were extremely good, but one great oversight was made in the judging. All the horses were checked high, and almost all of them wore overdrawn checks. Now an ideal roadster is an animal who carries his head well without a check, for a roadster is an all-day horse. Nevertheless, in not a single case did the judges require the horse's head to be set free, so as to disclose its natural carriage.

The next horse show scheduled, and to my mind the most interesting of the year, will be the Philadelphia Open-Air Show, to be held at St. Martins Green, Wissahickon Heights, May 26–30.

The Harvard-Pennsylvania track games at Philadelphia next Saturday are very likely to be the most closely contested of this year's dual athletic meetings. While the complexion of the result assumes a decidedly crimson hue, viewed now before the day of trial, none the less Pennsylvania has a number of men whose prowess has already been attested, and several others whose strength is rapidly maturing. Orton, Fetterman, Buchholz, Knipe, and Leslie are practically certain of each winning a first; so also, for Harvard, are Hollister, Clark (J. G.), Clark (E. H.), Bigelow, and Bremer who may indeed secure two firsts.

Harvard has this year perhaps the strongest all-round track team she has ever sent forth. In the sprints are Redpath and Bigelow (.10⅕ and .22⅗), Roche and Eaton (.10⅗). Quarter-mile, Bremer (.50–.51), Vincent and Hollister (.50⅘), Fish and Marshall (.51⅕). Half, Hollister (1.56⅘), Fenno (1.57 off 35-yard mark), Williams (2.1½), Boardman (2–2.3). Mile, Grant (4.28⅕), Fenno (4.33), G. Newell, bad foot, first-rate when fit. 120 hurdles, Munro (.16⅕), Kublie and Williams (.16⅘). 220 hurdles, Bremer (world's record, .25⅗), Mason (.26). Walk, Phillips (7.10–7.15). Bicycle, Hewitt (5.27 or better). Pole vault, Hoyt (11 ft. 2¾). Broad jump, J. G. Clark (22.8½), Mason (22.3). High jump, E. H. Clark (5.11¼), Putnam (5.10½). Hammer, E. H. Clark (123.7), Hennan (105 ft.), Connor, at present on probation, (110 ft.). Shot, Kublie (39.4), Lovering (37.5½), Connor (40).

Pennsylvania's team is also the strongest, from every point of view, probably, she has turned out, but as compared with Harvard it is not so well rounded out. Where would be its greatest strength in any one of three events—100 yards, pole vault, broad jump—becomes its weakness when stretched to cover all three. In an effort to win three events Buchholz may be successful in none, whereas he could be certain of one. For the sprints: Buchholz, 100 yards (.10⅕); Sterrett and Silliman, 220 yards (.23–.23⅕). Quarter, Warren (.50⅘), Sterrett (.50½), sick; Hoffman (.52). Half, Orton (1.58), Sickel (2.2). Mile, Orton (4.21⅘ Canadian record), Jarvis (4.26). 120 hurdles, Remington; 220 hurdles, Middleton (.27). Mile walk, Fetterman (7.7). High jump, Leslie (6 ft. 1 in.), Windsor (6 ft. 1 in.), Remington (5.10). Broad jump, Buchholz (21.7). Pole vault, Buchholz (11.3). Shot, Knipe (41.6); Woodruff (40.2). Hammer, Woodruff (116 ft.); Cressinger (104 ft.).

If all toe the mark fit there will be some rare racing in the 100 yards, quarter, and for second place in the half, and hard close struggles, too, between Buchholz and Hoyt in the pole vault, and Leslie and Clark (E. H.) in the high jump.

The Penn.-Cornell dual meet at Ithaca Saturday last was expectedly won by Penn.—73 to 53 points. Both showed great improvement over last year in athletic material, and the best performances of the day were: quarter mile, .51⅗, Taylor, Cornell; 220 flat, .22⅗, Daniels, Cornell; 100 yards, .10⅗, Bowen, Cornell; shot, 40 ft. 2 in., Woodruff, Penn.; high jump, 6 ft. 1 in., Windsor, Penn.

The Yale-Princeton dual athletic meet that is to be held at New Haven, and also next Saturday, promises to be interesting, but not so uncertain in result nor so good in performance as the Harvard-Pennsylvania event. Both Yale and Princeton have on their teams a number of men with their laurel yet to win, so to say, and Princeton has had rather hard luck in losing, by sickness and other causes, two or three of her most likely candidates. Nothing so much as these dual meetings keeps alive the collegiate athletic interest. They are infinitely more satisfactory to the student body and *alumni* than the championships—and more wholesome. I hope the day will come when the word "championship" will be effaced from collegiate records and collegiate minds.

A Yale victory on Saturday seems to be rather well assured by a comparison of the men. For Yale, in the sprints, there are: 100 yards, Burnet (.10⅕), Chappell (.10½). 220 yards, Burnet (.22.2), Fisher (.22.1), a good man. Quarter, Garvan (.50⅘), good man; Gerard (S. K.) (.51). Half, Hinckley (1.59), several other men about two minutes. One mile, Buckingham (4.38), others near him. 120 hurdles, Perkins (.16). 220 hurdles, Captain Sheldon (.25⅘), Fensmith (.25⅘). One-mile bicycle, McFarland and Hill, both good, no record. Pole vault, Van Winkle (10 ft. 10½). High jump, Gerard (J. M.) (5.10), Merwin (5 9½). Broad jump, Captain Sheldon (23 ft.), Mitchell (21.8). Shot, Sheldon (R.) (40.6), Beck (40.2). Hammer, Cross (H.) (143 ft.), Chadwick (130).

This is what the men have done, and as most of them are reliable, they may, with one or two exceptions, be expected on the 16th to at least equal their previous performances.

In the Princeton team there are: 100 yards, Lane (.10), ill at present, not apt to be in shape by 16th; Derr (.10⅕), Jamison (.10⅗). 220 yards, Derr (.22), Colfelt (.22⅕), Jamison (.22⅗), Jones (.22⅗). Quarter, Colfelt (.51), Jamison (.52⅗), Brokaw (.53). Half, Laing (2.4), Brokaw (2.6), Bryant (2.6). Mile run, Laing (4.32), King (4.33⅘). 120 hurdles, Pope (.17), Carter (.17), both novices. 220 hurdles, Jones (.27), Carter (.28). Bicycle, Pomeroy, (2.10). Mile walk, no one to approach Thrall of Yale, whose record is about 7 minutes. Pole vault, Tyler (10.9), Trainer (10.3). High jump, Bottger (5.8), Weber (5.9). Broad jump, Captain Garrett (21.10), Bottger (21.6). Hammer, Rhodes (about 120 ft.), Schmalporst (112 ft.). Shot, Captain Garrett (39.5), Schmalporst (38 ft.), Edwards (37.6).

Princeton's greatest strength is in the sprints, quarter, mile, and pole vault. It will be an uncertain struggle in these, and in the high jump too. For the rest, Yale has distinctly the better of it.

The most pleasing Eastern incident of the athletic week just closed was the appearance of Harvard men in Yale's handicap games, and the running of Yale men in Harvard's handicap games. This is of no especial significance, neither of the events being dual competitions; but to again see the H and Y on the same track and in the same race was gratifying.

Yale's Henley crew has been definitely chosen, and there need be no fear that American college rowing will not be worthily represented next July on the English Thames. It is rather early in the season for detailed comment, but the work of the crew in the college regatta Saturday proved that seldom has a Yale 'varsity shown less to criticise at this time of the year. The stroke is long and well pulled through, the shell travels smoothly, and the men are in prime condition. Though not so heavy a crew as that of last year, they are eight lusty fellows, whose work has shown them capable of holding the long stroke on such spurts as they have made thus far. The make-up is: Stroke, Langford; No. 7, Captain Treadway; No. 6, Longacre; No. 5, Bailey; No. 4, Rodgers; No. 3, Beard; No. 2, Brown; bow, Simpson. Substitutes, Mills, Whitney, and Marsh.

In no previous year has there been such interest in rowing at Yale, much of which is to be attributed to a few enthusiastic boating-men, notably Cross, who is now coaching the Freshmen. An effort is making to arouse a general boating interest in the college—and evidently with great success, for six eights is not an uncommon afternoon's turning out. There is no reason why we should not have a genuine Henley week in America, and I expect to see it within a couple of years.

Harvard, too, is manifesting more than usual activity in rowing this season, as evinced by the considerable interest shown in the class regatta, which the Freshmen won in 9 min. 28 sec., breaking the Charles River two-mile record by 10 seconds. Mr. Mumford has been coaching the 'varsity steadily, and apparently to good purpose, but thus far little can be judged by the present form of that which it will attain. The best news of the hour for Harvard is the return of Fennessy to the boat.

Of Columbia, Cornell, and Pennsylvania, the first two crews are doing good work, better than Harvard, which is considerably in advance of Pennsylvania. Columbia has six of last year's winning crew in the boat, and naturally begins her work with an advantage. It is a fairly heavy crew, and promises to be a good one. Cornell will have the lightest crew of the four, but a very good one; better than last year.

Pennsylvania has but two of last year's men in the boat, and is at present showing poorest form of the four.

Poughkeepsie is the course finally chosen for the quadrangular race, and June 26 the date.

Interest in lacrosse, we are happy to record, grows apace. The games played recently show the teams of Stevens, Lehigh, and the Crescent Athletic Club to be the best, and of these Crescent the strongest. Johns Hopkins and Harvard tied at two goals each; Lehigh defeated Schuylkill Navy, 6–0, and Harvard, 4–1. The last game showed Lehigh's best form this season. She outplayed Harvard at every point, save on the defence, and but for the excellent work of Sand, who checked many shots at his goal, would have won by a much larger score. Lehigh's attack was brilliant, and all through the second half Harvard was kept on the defensive in her own territory.

Saturday Lehigh met the Crescents, and although their attack was again particularly brilliant, Crescent's defence was impregnable, and their passing so speedy and accurate they won handily (8–1) from the college men.

The Crescent-Stevens games have been more closely contested. After defeating the City of N. Y. College team, 2–0, and Johns Hopkins 8–1, Stevens tied the Crescents, 4–4, in their first game, and lost the second, 2–6. Crescent has some strong players on her team, notably Pettit, Whiting, Roberts, Curry, and Kellogg. Stevens has brilliant performers in Bruckner, Wichert, and Scott. The general play this season is an improvement on that of last.

Nothing more clearly demonstrates the improved playing standard of college sport than the present baseball season. It used to be that Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and later Pennsylvania, had no difficulty whatever in defeating any of the others. This year Harvard has been beaten by both Williams and Dartmouth; and Brown, besides winning a game each from Harvard and Pennsylvania, has won her series with Yale. Still further, Cornell has beaten Princeton, Georgetown defeated Pennsylvania, and the season is but just begun.

The second Yale-Brown game at Providence, won by the latter, 6–1, was the best exhibition of ball up to date of this writing. Considering the veteran material she faced, Yale's game was notable. A home run by Robinson, a two-bagger by Phillips and Lander, a splendid line out by Dunne, two men hit by pitched balls, and Brown had four runs in the first inning. Nevertheless, Yale kept her head, and kept Brown from increasing her score beyond two more, despite notable work by Brown. Yale's one run she earned. Brady's pitching was strong and deceptive. On the whole, Yale played a good game, but Brown's pitching and batting were too strong.

Cornell's play against Princeton in a ten-inning game, to say nothing of her victory—12–10—places hers among the leading college nines of the year. Both nines played a fair fielding game, and both batted heavily. Twice three-baggers were lined out, and, four times, as many different men made home runs. Young's delivery rather puzzled Princeton, which struck out 15 times, and made a total of seven hits in the nine innings. At the beginning of the ninth inning the score was 10–5, in Princeton's favor, but when Cornell finished with Princeton's pitcher, Wilson, it was even, and Cornell added the winning runs in the next inning; altogether Cornell made 18 hits off Wilson in the game. Princeton evinced her usual tendency to make costly errors, but Cornell earned her victory by better all-round work, in which Young, Cobb, Affeld, and Beacham were prominent. Young was very uncertain at times, giving eight men first base on balls. Of Princeton's ten runs, three were home runs and the remaining seven largely due to Young's wildness and her own desperate base-running.

Had Cornell made no more errors at Philadelphia than on Percy Field, she had a chance to beat Pennsylvania instead of losing, 9–10. But she made eight errors to Penn.'s two, and this, together with the latter's clean fielding and bunched hitting, lost her the game. Young maintained his reputation for brilliancy and lack of control. Wunder (Penn.) pitched a cool, steady game, Cornell hitting safely but eleven times, the change from Wilson's (Princeton) speedy balls to Wunder's slow curves seeming to bother the Cornell batsmen. While Penn. did not hit hard nor very often, she worked Young for bases on balls by shifting from one side of the plate to the other. Cornell's in-field seemed without life, Beacham, Miller, and Forster in the out-field did well, while Heitkamp played his first game at short without an error. It is not unlikely he will stay there. Haskell at second is slow in covering the base; Johnson has not improved at first. His chief value is in batting.

Middleton caught well for Penn., while Captain Blakeley did excellent work at third. Grey batted well. The team-work of the Penn. nine was praiseworthy. At the beginning of the ninth inning Penn. led by five runs, when Cornell batted out four; but they came too late. The second game, on Saturday, Penn. won, 11–6, by timely batting and steadier all-round play, though they made three more errors (5) than in the first game, and Cornell again made eight. Penn. got ten base hits off Young, and Cornell five off O'Donnell. The games were characterized by the good feeling which is always in evidence when Pennsylvania and Cornell meet.

The Harvard-Princeton game, won by the latter, 17–9, May 9, at Princeton, furnished an exhibition of rather loose ball-playing. Heavy batting abundantly tested the fielding, and recurring errors showed its weakness. Five home runs by Princeton (Ward, Altman, Bradley, Gunster, and Wheeler), one two-base and one three-base hit to the credit of each nine (Clarkson, Ward, Titus, and Dean), suggest the stick-work; and fourteen errors, of which Harvard made nine, the slovenly fielding. For Princeton, Easton struck out six men and gave six first base on balls; for Harvard, Paine struck out two, Houghton three; Paine gave five their base on balls, Houghton two. Princeton earned eight of her runs, and Harvard five.

In every case the error was costly. Ward's overthrow of first base gave Harvard her run in the first inning; Paine's presentation of first base on balls netted Princeton three runs in the second, and Easton did as much, if not more, for Harvard in the seventh. As a matter of fact, heavy batting and errors seem to be the order of the college baseball day this season. Except behind the bat, at first base, and right-field, Princeton outplayed Harvard at every position. Scannell made a beautiful back stop to some very erratic pitching, though his few attempts at throwing to second were poor. Burgess did good work in right-field, save for a tendency (which happened not to develop to a fatal degree on Saturday) to misjudge flies. Misjudgment is the failing of Harvard's entire out-field. The in-field is very poor. Vincent at short was wellnigh useless against Princeton. He made five of Harvard's nine errors. R. Stevenson played a poor game at third. Dean did fairly well at second. Paine was not very strong in the box, and very poor at centre. Houghton is one of the most promising men on the nine. In short, the men do not make the most of their positions or opportunities, and, with the exception of Dean and Burgess, their base-running is mediocre. It does not appear that Harvard's abandonment of *alumni* amateur coaching in favor of a baseball "professor" has been particularly productive of good results.

Princeton's record this season shows the nine to be an exceptionally heavy batting one, but, although a most valuable feature, that alone is not going to make a winning team this year. And Princeton plays as if she depended on the stick-work for success. It is too apparent, while the men are in the field, that they are trusting to their next appearance at the bat to even up matters. Princeton has the material to make a very much stronger, steadier nine, but to do so the present attitude of what I may call listless confidence must be corrected. They need to be upon their toes and playing ball all, not part, of the time. The fielding of Kelly and Altman is very slovenly, and they both have had experience enough to do better. Maybe they have had too much experience. Gunster is a greatly improved man and a good one. Wheeler will make a first-class second-base man before the season ends. Ward, but for being a bit too eager on the ball, would be one of the best short stops on the college diamond. Captain Bradley covers centre well, and both Smith and Titus are acceptable behind the bat. What Princeton needs is less dependence on the stick, and more hard, wide-awake work in the field.

If confidence could be had in Princeton's steadiness in the field, I should feel certain of her winning her Yale game next Saturday. As it is, the chances are in her favor, although somehow Princeton seems always to do the unexpected against Yale in baseball, and rarely to do herself justice. If Princeton this time does her best, this first game of the Yale series should be hers. And it will take batting and fielding to win that game.

There was one great success attending the Harvard-Princeton ball game—which both universities shared equally—the suppression of obnoxious coaching. I voice, I am sure, the sentiment of all college men in congratulating heartily both Captains Dean and Bradley upon their sportsmanship. And I congratulate, too, the student body of Princeton on the absence of attempts to "rattle" the opposing teams by the hooting (called cheering) that has hitherto disgraced collegiate sport. Let us hope Harvard and Yale will be equally sportsmanly.

Full reports of the action of the Western universities represented at the Chicago rules conference last February have finally been received by us, but space is lacking this week for comment.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—BY JAMES DWIGHT, M.D.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, PRICE $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

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THE adoption by the United States navy of the illuminated life-saving buoy marks the advance in details that is going on rapidly in the perfecting of various minor devices in practical navigation. "Man overboard!" is a cry that will have fewer terrors hereafter. This illuminated buoy is so arranged that as it is released two bright lights, about two feet high, are ignited, and remain burning for a long time. It has one distinct advantage: It will enable the man overboard and the boat crew endeavoring to find him in the darkness to determine the whereabouts of each other more readily. With one of these buoys burning on the water, both the man swimming in the ocean and the crew trying to rescue him will seek a common object. Many a man has been lost in the darkness because the rescuing crew did not know where to look for him, or because he could not see the buoy, which was possibly floating near him.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES.

As to what we have done for the Spaniards in the lands he broke and tamed before our coming there is no great difficulty of comprehension. Where we have not altogether wiped him off his own slate, we have so changed his sum that he can no longer easily figure himself up. We have elbowed and diminished and impoverished him. But what he is going to do for us is not so clear to our average vision.

Any one who knows Spanish America at all, knows how ineradicably it is branded with its first Caucasian ownership. Vast as is the variety of its landscapes, they all have an ethnographic likeness. The sun and its rest are on them and of them; and their face is unmistakable as the face of the Iberian that first came to the winning of them. A New England intervale of a generation ago was not more characteristic, for the Spaniard, no less than the Puritan, was a wonderful fellow for setting his indelible autograph across whatsoever landscape he invaded.

The southwestern portion of the United States, derived from the Spaniards and his rebellious heirs by the scant honesties of 1848, bears this *marca* with great clearness. Even in California, the only part that was particularly worth our taking, all the inroads of an unprecedented migration have not sufficed to obliterate that curious sign-manual of Spain. California is no longer Spanish. Its dons and its frailes alike seem already as far gone by as the Revolution. Only in here and there a nook is there surviving witness to the old patriarchal life. Yet the orange groves have not destroyed the identity of Our Spain; and the Eastern-born Saxon new-comer already shows the influence he is doing his best to blot from the landscape; which is only another way of saying that Nature continues to be older and bigger than any of her children—than even her sufficient sons of the nineteenth-century's end. She made the Spaniard a Spaniard because she had the certain environmental tools to work with; and whatever other stock shall settle in the like lands she will fashion in something of the like form. We shall not exactly become Spaniards in the Southwest, but we shall learn more habits from the Spaniard than we shall teach him.

Nothing more un-Latin than the history of southern California in the last decade could possibly be conceived. It is the very focus of "American" push and development. Yet the observer smiles to see how soon the air of the "Land of the Afternoon" gets into the blood even here; how promptly the new arrival begins to learn the A B C of taking comfort in life. It is a proverb that, as compared with other nations, Americans do not know how to have a good time; but California is a prompt schoolmistress.

The ordinary legal holidays may do for States of less genial skies, but they are not enough for us. Already a very epidemic of *fiestas* has broken out in California, and all the more important ones promise to become fixed. Very much after the old Spanish fashion, whereby, in addition to the general calendar, each town celebrated particularly the feast of its patron saint, many Californian cities have set apart each its special season for merrymaking. The most important of these is the Fiesta de Los Angeles, inaugurated in 1894, and now a regular April feature. It is a week like the European fêtes; an exotic in the United States, but a beautiful and valuable one. La Fiesta of 1896 (April 21 to 25 inclusive) far surpassed its predecessors, and will be remembered pleasantly by many thousand tourists. Conceived and carried out on liberal lines and with artistic taste, directed by the leading men of affairs in the southern Californian metropolis, it was a really remarkable display for a community which is in effect but a dozen years old.

The inevitable fiesta accompaniments of queen and court and parades are not slighted; but the object is to make La Fiesta de Los Angeles a characteristic one—just such a fête as could be given nowhere else in the world. Only in such a climate could be paralleled the miles of bloom-covered carriages, the hundreds of thousands of roses and other flowers which marked the floral parade of the closing day. Nowhere else in the New World could it be possible to make the gorgeous and wonderful Chinese procession of April 22, with its army of richly clad Celestials and the 300-foot dragon of silks and jewels worth a king's ransom. The band of Pueblo Indians, with their picturesque Oriental dress and fine faces, made a display which was greatly admired, and in striking contrast came the hideously dirty, half-naked, wallowing Temeculas—both characteristically Southwestern.

The crowning feature of the fiesta—which had a full array of games, athletic sports, processions, balls, receptions, etc.—was the night parade of April 23, "The Lands of the Sun." A better conceived and better executed night pageant has perhaps never been seen in America. The theme was a logical one—the development of civilization in sunny climes—and the floats, built by a London expert, were extremely fine.

Los Angeles was crowded during La Fiesta, thousands coming in from the surrounding country, while the attendance from the East was very large.

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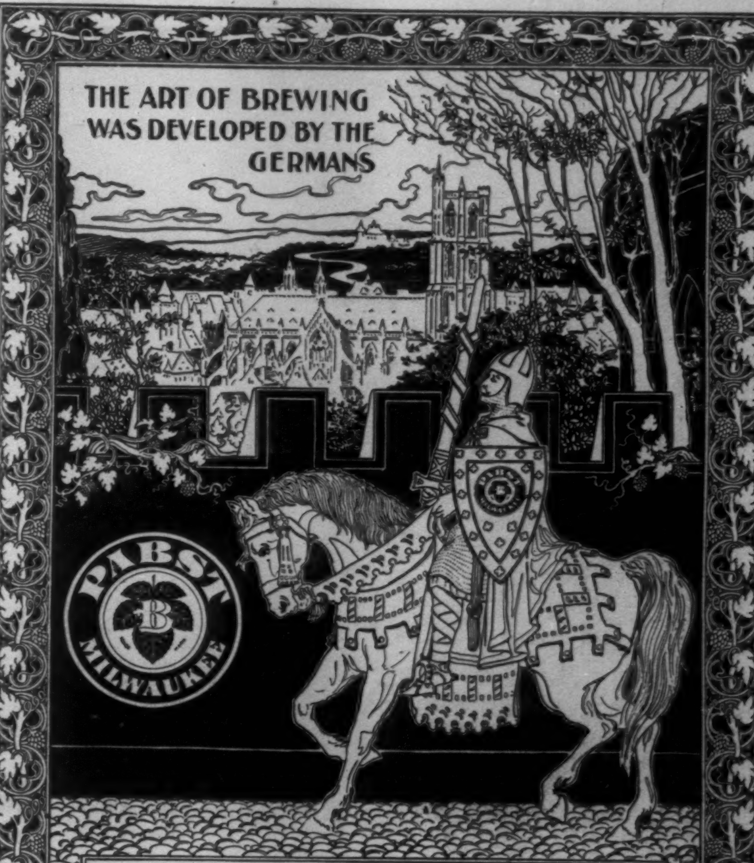
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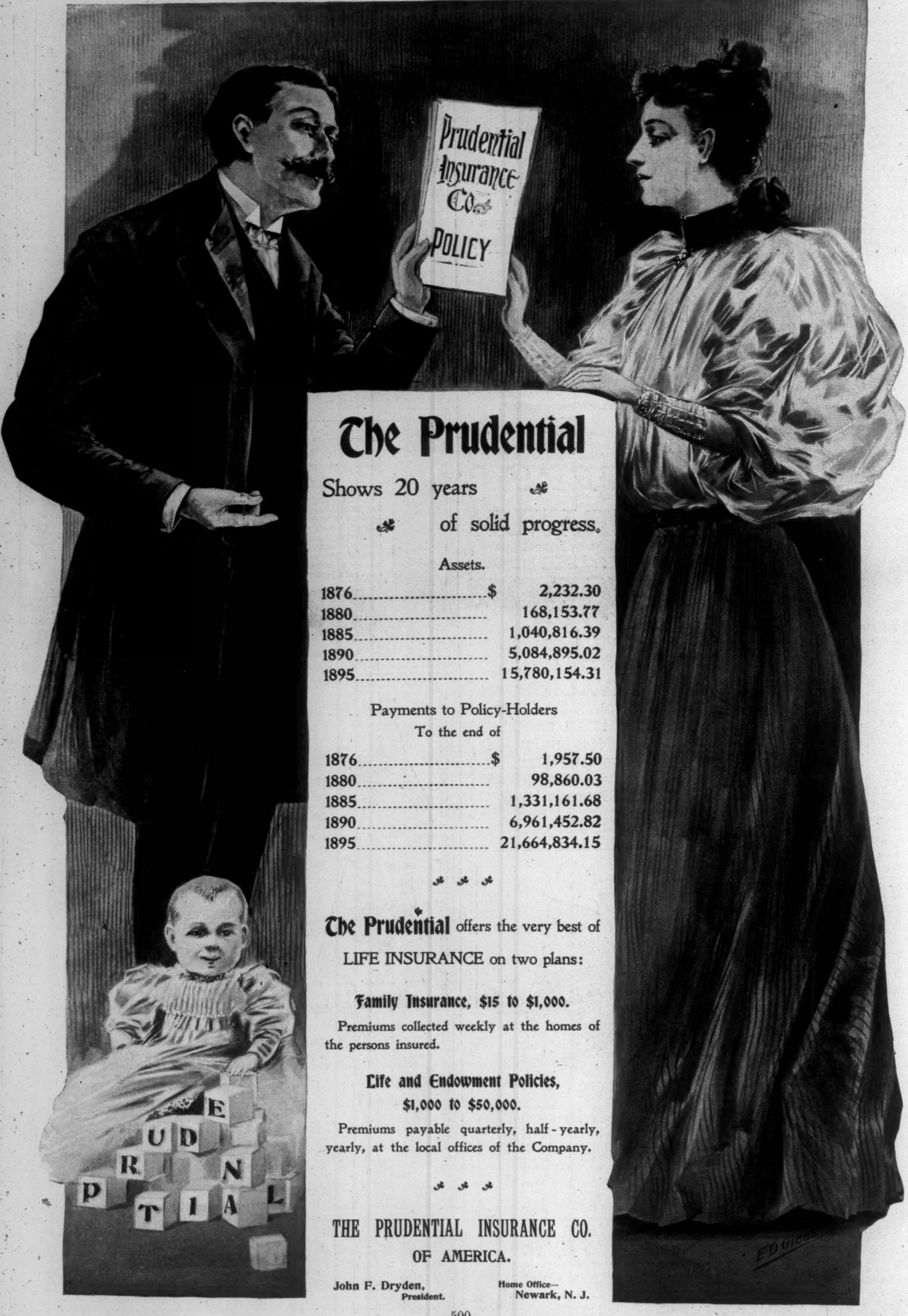

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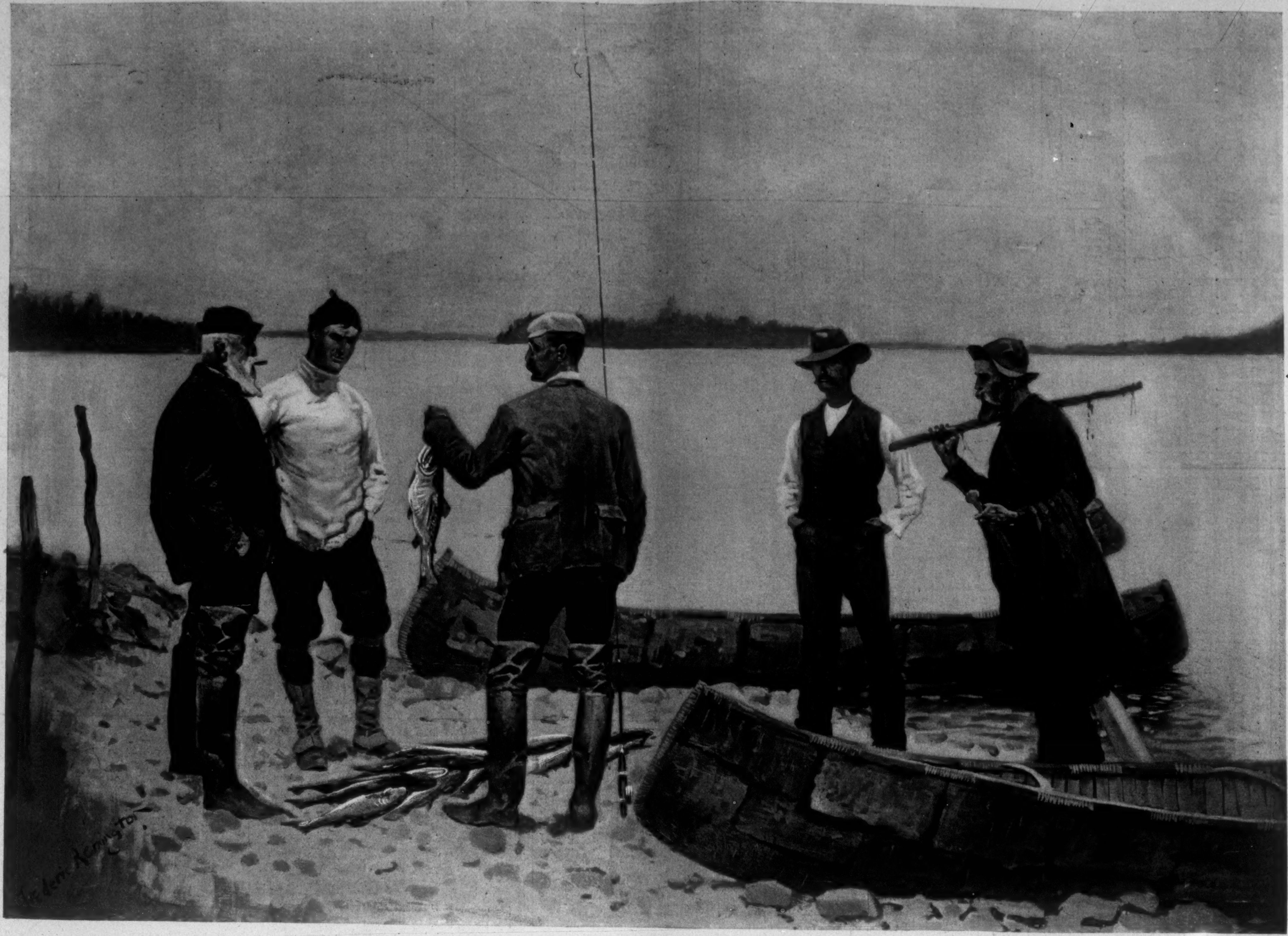
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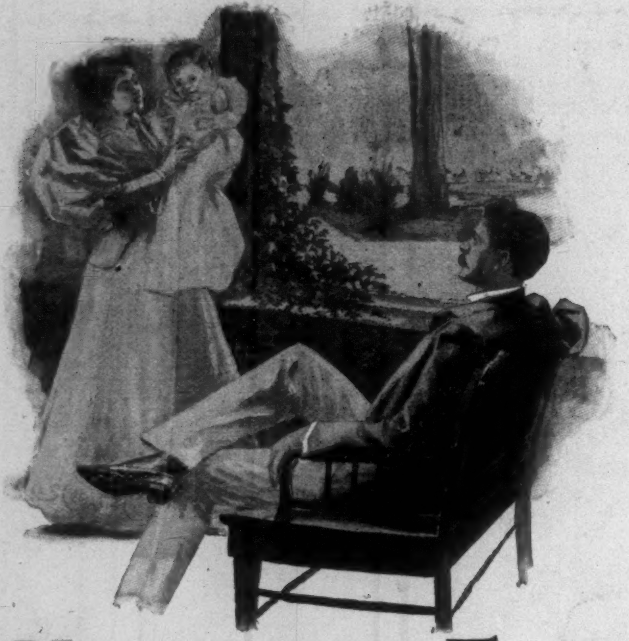

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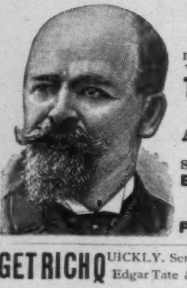

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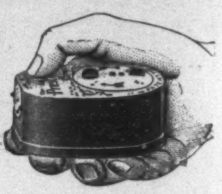

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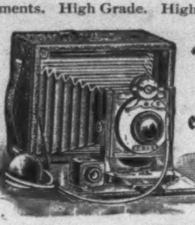

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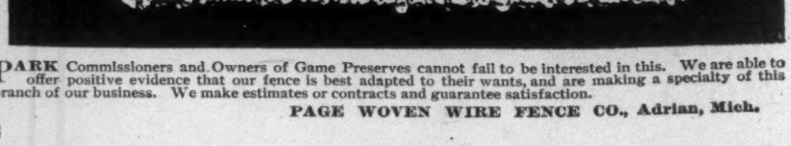

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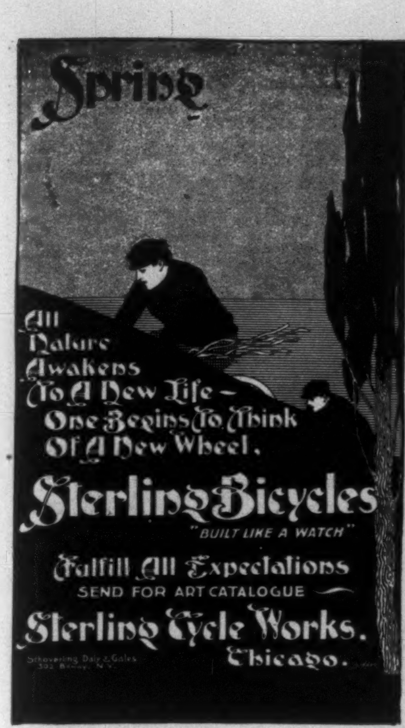

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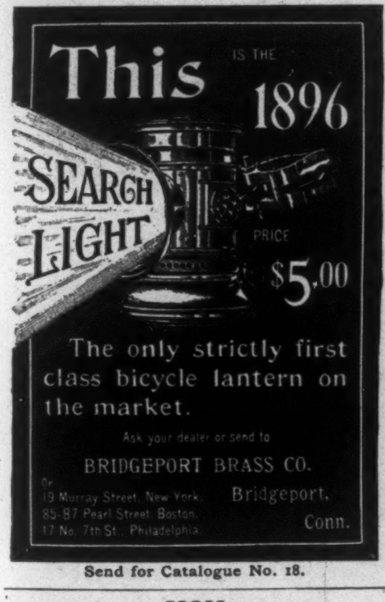

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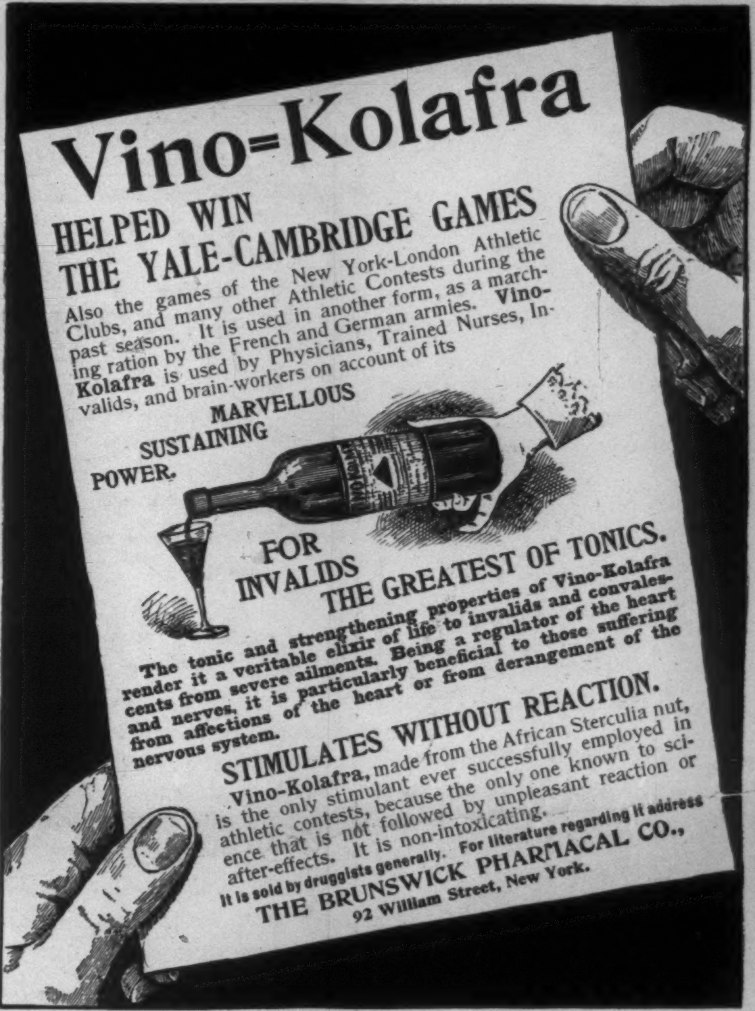

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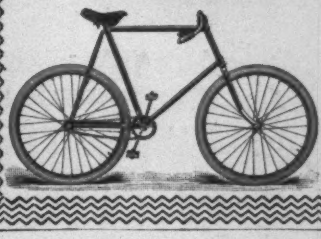

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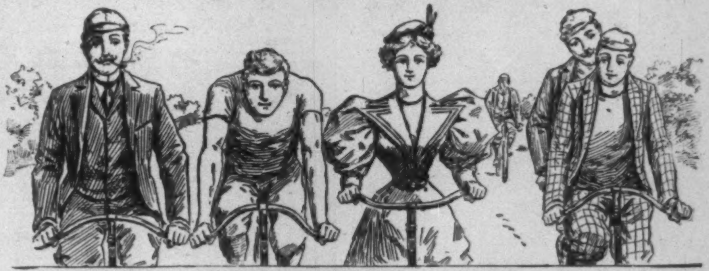

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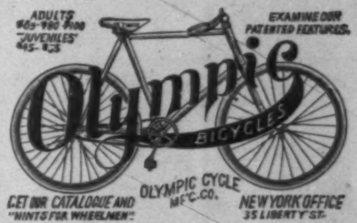

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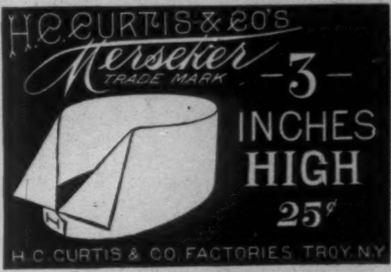

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